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MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE UNITED
STATES.¹

Americans, in spite of a genuine feeling of independence, sometimes blatantly expressed, have always been interested in foreign criticism of themselves and their institutions, especially when that criticism has proceeded from British sources. Our British cousins and the more enlightened classes of Europeans, on the other hand, have manifested an interest in us and our doings somewhat inconsistent with the patronizing, not to say contemptuous tone of comment which they have for a long time thought it proper to assume with regard to us. This interest on their part has not been incompatible with dense ignorance, especially in matters pertaining to geography—a conjunction which may have been benignantly designed by providence in order to give our wounded vanity a safe outlet in laughter. Even before the Declaration of Independence inquisitive foreigners had visited our shores and written about us. The revolutionary war brought us more ; and, since our national existence has been assured, there has not been a decade, and more recently, not a year without its contribution to that curious but very interesting department of literature which may be most easily designated as Euro-American.

Not many readers of the present day have any personal

¹*The United States an Outline of Political History 1492-1871* by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York and London: Macmillan & Co., 1893. 8vo., pp. x., 312.

recollection of the famous book in which Mrs. Trollope dissected our buoyant civilization ; few, therefore, can conceive how thoroughly our vanity was wounded, how ludicrously the whole nation writhed beneath a clever woman's criticisms. Those of us, however, who have delved in old magazines and pamphlets have some idea of the social and literary spasm the country underwent at that memorable time as well as when a few years later Dickens had his fling at us in the *American Notes*. Our latter-day historians have learned to smile at the sensitiveness of their fathers, but there were no smiles in the United States on the subject between 1830 and 1840. As time went on the situation improved. Foreigners began to understand us better and we began to get a clearer insight into our own character ; besides we had much graver matters to trouble us than the figure we cut in the eyes of a few wandering Englishmen. After we had settled these graver matters by a war which attracted the gaze and, to some extent, the admiration of the whole world, after we had grown accustomed to the proud consciousness that we were at last a nation and no longer an ill assorted union of provincial sections and States, we were better prepared to bear with unfavorable criticism and the thoughtful foreigner was less prepared to make it. We had, too, in the meantime developed a national literature which was beginning to interpret our life and character to the world, and if such writers as Prescott and Motley displayed an unconscious subservience to the provincial tendency to turn toward Europe much as a sunflower turns toward the sun, yet their choice of theme and their scholarly methods of work were of service in opening the eyes of critics to our dawning intellectual greatness. After Motley had been Minister at the Court of St. James, it required no vast stretch of the imagination to predict that in a few years some English cabinet minister would find it profitable to make as thorough a study of American institutions as the philosophical de Tocqueville had made many years before.

It is a trite statement to say that of all the books written

by Englishmen about America, Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is the best. Its merits are so obvious that to praise it would be an impertinence. But its merits are not so great as to warrant us in forgetting that there have been other works of high value written about us within the past twenty years by distinguished Englishmen, or in imagining that there is no room for future works of a similar character. We must not forget what interest the late Professor Freeman took in our history, we must not forget the scholarly treatises of Mr. Doyle, and we ought not to forget the criticisms of Matthew Arnold. It is true that the latter pronounced us to be uninteresting, but it is also true that the comments of the press upon his utterances and the articles and pamphlets to which his criticism gave rise went far toward establishing the truth of that criticism. It does not at all follow that because there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Bryce has written about us, there is not also a great deal of truth in what Mr. Arnold wrote about us or in what Mr. Goldwin Smith has to say of us in his latest publication.

For Mr. Goldwin Smith has not given us a book that will delight us as much as Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* did. He has not, of course, attempted to rival Mr. Bryce, and the only comparison that can be instituted between his recent volume and those of his great fellow-countryman must have reference to the general tone and spirit of the respective works. Mr. Goldwin Smith is just as true a friend of America as Mr. Bryce—he has proved it by coming to Canada and strenuously advocating annexation as well as by various former writings—but he has not approached our history from the same point of view as the famous Liberal minister. The latter as an institutional historian, as a student of comparative politics with a more or less utilitarian desire to profit in his practical exercises of statesmanship by the results of his studies, has been perhaps unconsciously tempted to see things in a rosier light than he would have done had he approached us from the point of view of the social historian or the critic of literature. Besides, the study

of institutional history, however valuable it may be, has a tendency to warp an historian's insight into the nature and actions of the men that make the institutions. Not that Mr. Bryce has not criticized us and criticized us well. He has done that. But he has studied us on what is, perhaps, our strongest side, our capacity for self-government, and he has been wise enough to see that, whatever defects may be discovered in our political institutions, the people that could come through such a crisis as our civil war with those institutions practically unshaken, have a political capacity worthy of the highest admiration. But this very insight into our political capacity has, perhaps, caused Mr. Bryce to think too highly of our capacity in other spheres not less essential than the sphere of government. The spell of our physical size, our immense strength is upon him, much as the spell of Rome's imperial power and her no less imperial law made men think for generations that Rome was also eternal in her literature, in the lessons she had for the spirit and the soul of man. We know now that the lessons that Rome had for the spirit and the soul of man were lessons of warning in the main, and so it will not do for us to trust blindly in our pride of strength, we must also see to it that the lessons America is destined to furnish the spirit and the soul of man in future ages are not lessons of warning. Hence it is that we should lay to heart the criticism of a man like Matthew Arnold and hence it is that it is worth our while to give Mr. Goldwin Smith a patient hearing.

Although the sub-title of the book under review indicates that its author is chiefly concerned with our political history, he has nevertheless approached his task from the point of view of parties and individuals rather than from that of institutions. Indeed it may not be going too far to maintain that in reality he is a social historian occupied for the nonce with politics. He is also the man of letters, the critic, forming his judgment of men and manners after the standard which every wide student of literature is sure to set up whether he be a Lowell or an Arnold. It was impossible

that Mr. Goldwin Smith should treat our history in any other way, and it is an evidence of our importance as a people that he should have treated it so, which should console us for the soreness that many of his judgments of men and events may arouse in our patriotic bosoms. These judgments cannot be passed over in silence or met with a shrug of the shoulder. They are the judgments of a candid friend who is above all a scholarly student, of a man who has held the chair of Modern History at Oxford, who has taught in one of our own universities, who has been recognized as a distinguished critic, who is a publicist and editor of high standing in a neighboring and friendly country.

Mr. Smith has prepared himself for his task by a wide course of reading in the best authorities. As he is not a specialist, he has naturally made mistakes some of which will raise a smile. Since he eschews the use of foot-notes he evidently has no desire that his book should be regarded as a laborious contribution to American history. Indeed he has written, as he says in his preface, primarily for Englishmen, particularly for those who intend to visit this country. He acknowledges, too, his English bias, and he might also have acknowledged his Northern or Union bias. Both were natural. The first half of his life was spent in England, and his first relations with this country were with the North during the late war when he did valuable service for the Union cause in England by resisting that sympathy for the Southern Confederacy which was felt in aristocratic circles. One does not usually find at seventy the ability to vie with Mr. Gladstone in changing one's views for the better, and so those Englishmen who wish for an unpartisan account of our civil war will do well to consult the late Professor Alexander Johnston's article on the history of the United States in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,¹ even though that article was written by a Northern man with Union sympathies. But Englishmen will also do well to

¹It is also published separately by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

read Mr. Goldwin Smith's brief sketch, written as it is with his cosmopolitan learning and his vigorous and admirable style, and Americans will do well to read it for reasons that have been already set forth.

Mr. Smith treats his immense subject in five chapters of fairly moderate length; they are entitled respectively "The Colonies," "Revolution, Independence and Union," "Republic," "Democracy and Slavery," "Rupture and Reconstruction," titles that are well chosen and sufficiently informing. There is not a great deal that deserves comment in the pages devoted to the founding of New England unless it be the interesting character of the treatment of a subject often made profoundly dull. It raises a smile to find that the Charter Oak was in Rhode Island, near Providence, but we are aware of the touch of the true historian when we read in connection with the cruel treatment of the Quakers in Massachusetts:

... But the touching demeanour of the sufferers moved the hearts of the people. Public sentiment revolted. Public sentiment in Spain did not revolt against the *autos-da-fe*. (page 14.)

The last sentence is one of those flash lights that the historian by nature's election is wont to employ in illuminating his subject, and Mr. Goldwin Smith keeps flashing them. Here is another taken from a few pages further on.

... But aristocracy, had it been planted in New England, could never have taken root. In the colony there were no great estates to support peerages. Of the equal comradeship of Saxon rovers English self-government was born; in the equal partnership of religious colonists after a thousand years of monarchy and aristocracy it was renewed. (page 18.)

He puts the truth about the New England clergy in a nutshell when he writes:

Their ascendancy was moral and intellectual; it was not that of caste or of thaumaturgy. (page 11.)

But he is not blind to the defects of the Puritan character. The persecution of the Quakers, the horrible nightmare of witch-burning, the holocaust of the Pequod war are shown up in their true light in a few graphic sentences.

The Southern colonies are allotted considerably less space

than those of New England probably because Mr. Smith has relied chiefly on New England historians. He is hardly to blame for this in view of the paucity of Southern historians of recognized ability. It should have occurred, however, to so thoughtful a writer that the influence so plainly exerted upon the Union during the first half century of its existence by Virginia and her sister colonies is hardly to be explained if his brief sketch of the character of the Southern colonies be accepted as complete. There is unfortunately too much truth in the following sentences but they do not contain the whole truth :

. . . But in its [the planter aristocracy's] life and abodes there were less of comfort and of real elegance than of grandeur. [There was hardly any grandeur.] It spent its time a little [?] in politics, more in fox hunting, racing, gambling, cock-fighting, and general dissipation. It had plenty on its board, and commonly drank too much wine. It was hospitable, as rich men without neighbours and craving for company always are. It had something, and fancied that it had much of the grand manner, the social grace, the chivalrous sentiment, which marked the territorial aristocracies of Europe. It was no doubt brave and mettlesome, rode well, was good at field sports, had a quick sense of conventional honour, and was ready to fight duels. Of course, living by the sweat of others men's brows, it was free from anything that is sordid in the industrial or commercial character. Not parsimony but prodigality was its fault, and while it was master of many slaves it was apt itself to be the slave of debt. Some of the planters had, among their English equipments, English books, and prided themselves on their acquaintance with the British classics ; but the average amount of culture among them was probably low, and their College of William and Mary was no mate for Harvard. (pp. 42-43.)

Now, as has been said, although there is a good deal of truth in this trenchant description, it does not contain the whole truth. There is no mention of the fact that in not a few respects the sketch from which the above was taken is just as applicable to certain grades of eighteenth century society the world over as to the planter aristocracy of Virginia. There is no commendation, but rather an implied censure, for those men who in a struggling colony and under most adverse circumstances endeavored as best they could not to ape but to live the life that a few of them had left behind them in England and that most of them believed

to be the proper life for a gentleman to lead. There was no grandeur, and the few who tried to attain it were fools; there was probably little comfort from our point of view and but a rude elegance in outward matters, but there was an honest attempt to make the best of what they had, there was the true elegance of the gentleman who can be a gentleman in a hovel and who can carry on a conversation or eat a dinner without showing that he is mentally computing the cost of his host's furniture or the wages he pays his butler. More than one of the burly Virginia planters of that period had a share of the virtues of Dr. Primrose even if some of them might have sat for Squire Western's portrait. There was, too, an appreciation of learning that did credit to those who had not the genuine article, perhaps more appreciation than would have been found in an equal number of English country gentlemen at the same period; and if there was less learning than in New England, the fact is easily accounted for, as easily, perhaps, as the practical uselessness to humanity of the curious erudition of the Puritan divines. But the gravest defect of Mr. Smith's sketch is its utter incapacity to explain the fact that out of the environment he depicts a generation arose that could count among its leaders such men as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, the Lees, Marshall, Harrison, Henry, Mason, Wythe, Randolph, Digges, Blair, Tyler, Roane, and many another—names some of which live in the pages of the world's history, but all of which are worthy of mention in this connection. For it may be doubted if any state of its size in the world ever sent to its legislative halls as large a number of well informed and able men as Virginia sent to her legislatures and conventions between 1776 and 1788. Certainly the English parliaments of the period could not have shown an equal number although they had in their midst Burke and Fox and Sheridan and Pitt and a silent member whom we now know as the greatest of all historians. It is true that the English parliaments at this time represented many a rotten borough, but it is also true that England was much

more populous than Virginia, and it is doubtful whether with honest borough representation she could have surpassed the showing made by her colony. It is not claimed that many of the men named above, reached the plane of genius. Washington and, perhaps, Jefferson and Marshall are all that a judicious critic can point to as possessing powers of the first order, but this very fact goes far toward proving the truth of the contention here made, that the description of Virginia given by Mr. Goldwin Smith is in some important particulars faulty and incomplete. Individual men of genius like Washington, might conceivably have stood out from such a society as that which Mr. Goldwin Smith and the writers he follows, depict. Hannibal stood out much in this way from the commercial degeneracy of Carthage. But how are we to explain the number of men of secondary ability that Virginia produced at the critical period under discussion? It is true that a crisis brings out leaders, but it does not bring out a remarkable number of able lieutenants in the sphere of politics unless there is something particularly vigorous and healthy about the life of the people that produces them. If Mr. Goldwin Smith's picture of Virginia life in the eighteenth century is true in its entirety, then the existence and activity of the *dii minores* of the revolutionary epoch in that State is a standing miracle over which our future historians are in duty bound to debate, if not to wrangle. If however, as would seem to be the case, Virginia society in the eighteenth century was more or less in touch with the *Zeitgeist*, if its refinement was not all sham and its education not all smattering, if in addition to its stock of inherited virtues it drew virtues from the freedom and largeness of its environment, then the existence of such a body of men is nothing of a mystery. It follows, too, as a corollary, that when the planters of Virginia lost touch with the world around them through the continuance of slavery and the arrogant position assumed in its defence—a position which has given rise to much of the slurring tone so common to a certain school of historians in their treatment of

Virginia—no such body of men would be found to guide the State safely through her second crisis.

With the second chapter Mr. Smith's narrative begins to show the characteristics that make his book valuable. He begins to give masterly portraits of public men and to cast a white light upon their actions. Most American historians view the men and events of our revolutionary period in a rose-tinted light that may be pleasing, but is in the end bad for historical eyes. Mr. Smith, of course, has his British prejudices, but he has also the critical discrimination of the widely read student. He is able to see that a curved stick is not a steam plow, and he is perfectly willing to call it a stick. Our American historians in the past did not possess this ability or this willingness. They are beginning to possess them now as will be apparent to any one who will read Professor Hart's admirable volume in the "Epochs" series. Even Mr. Bancroft was compelled to prune the rankly rhetorical volumes of his earlier years. This rhetorical exaggeration was perfectly natural in view of the provincial character of the American people sixty years ago; it could not be got rid of so long as the nation was divided into two hostile sections each of which spent a great part of its time in proving to its own satisfaction that its geese were swans. After the civil war a critical school of historians became a possibility, and it will not be long before we are able to judge our past as dispassionately as an English scholar can now judge the past of England. Mr. Goldwin Smith's volume, if read with candor, will hasten this consummation.

The burden of Mr. Smith's second chapter on the revolution may be judged from this passage taken from the first:

These embroilments [between the governors and the assemblies] are recounted with glee by historians who deem them the training school of patriotism and preparatory to the struggle for independence. But such a view would seem to identify patriotism with resistance to government and to glorify revolution. . . . Revolution is the medicine not the bread of nations, and genuine patriotism in ordinary times is loyal co-operation with authority. (pp. 59-60.)

Compare now with the above sentences which every Amer-

ican historian should get by heart, the following description of Samuel Adams :

Of the fomenters of the quarrel in New England the chief was Samuel Adams, who, we can scarcely doubt, whatever might be his professions, had set his heart on the achievement of independence; had been laying his plans and enlisting his associates, such as the wealthy Hancock and the impetuous Otis, for that purpose; had welcomed rather than dreaded the dispute, and preferred the mortal issue to a reconciliation. This man had failed in business as a maltster and as a tax collector, but he had succeeded as a political agitator and has found a shrine in American history as a patriot saint. Though an enthusiast, he was not wanting in the astuteness of the politician. The latest of his American biographers cannot help surmising that his Puritan conscience must have felt a twinge when in the very time at which he had devoted himself body and soul to breaking the link that bound America to England, he was coining for this or that body phrases full of reverence for the king and rejecting the thought of independence. . . . (page 75.)

As a pendant to this sketch a description is given of Patrick Henry "the chief fomentor of the quarrel in the South." It is needless to say that Henry does not appear as a Demosthenes; indeed it is hard not to believe that Mr. Smith is laughing in his sleeve at those misguided young gentlemen who continue to declaim "Give me liberty or give me death." Some injustice is done to Henry's really acute powers of mind, and it will not do to take Mr. Smith's portrait of him too seriously; it would, however, be given here but for its length, and readers will do well to take a glance at it for themselves. (pp. 75-77.)

Mr. Smith is not prevented on the other hand, from giving us candid if uncomplimentary appreciations of leading British actors in the revolution. Witness the following :

The place of Chatham was filled by the narrow mind and bad temper of Lord George Germaine. (page 85.)

... But the royal commander, [at Bunker's Hill] in his pipe-clay pedantry and pride, chose to lead his men on a hot summer's day with heavy knapsacks on their backs up the front of the hill against the breastwork. (page 89.)

... But Howe, there can be little doubt, was wavering as well as lethargic and instead of pressing his enemy he went to luncheon. (page 94.)

But perhaps the best portions of the second chapter, if not of the whole volume, are the references to the Loyalists and the

cruel treatment they received, especially when the contrast is made between the spirit displayed by Sir William Waller and Sir Ralph Hopton in the English Revolution of 1640 and the contemptible conduct of some of the members of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. (pp. 90-93.) In this latter connection, one is glad to have Mr. Smith quote later on the following:

"Jay," ejaculated Gouverneur [sic] Morris thirty years afterwards, "what a set of d-d scoundrels we had in that second Congress!" "Yes," said Jay "we had," and he knocked the ashes from his pipe. (page 99.)

Jay and Gouverneur Morris were fairly good judges of men and while it is not necessary to take their words too literally, it is half amusing, half painful to think of the number of articles that have been supplied to biographical dictionaries and the number of memberships in such latter day organizations as the "Sons" and "Daughters of the American Revolution," that have been based on the careers of these supposititious or actual scoundrels. As has been intimated, we have a great deal yet to learn about the men and events that have made us what we are, and if Mr. Goldwin Smith's volume can induce even a few of us to study our early history in a dry white light it will not have been written in vain. Because he exaggerates and shows his prejudices is no reason for denying that many of his judgments are more true than poetical.

The third chapter takes up the early history of the republic. Washington whose military career has been fairly and generously sketched in the second is, of course, the central figure. There is a great deal of sad truth but also of compliment to our greatest man in the statement on page 168, "we have come down from Washington to Madison." In this chapter the series of masterly sketches of public men is continued. The reason that Madison must take rank among our second men only is given in one sentence:

... Yet the impression which he makes on the ordinary reader is rather that of a cultivated and somewhat prim mediocrity, though combined with a clear understanding, a scientific knowledge of politics, statesmanlike training, and a surefooted ambition. (page 166.)

Monroe's character stands out in these two detached sentences :

... Washington had also to restrain the sympathies of his own envoy at Paris, Monroe, who, losing the ambassador in the enthusiast, allowed himself to be publicly welcomed by the convention as the representative of a revolutionary republic having a common cause with Jacobin France, and to receive from the President that hug of fraternity in which confiding nations died. (page 145.)

... Since the day of his Jacobin accolade he had become a sober and commonplace statesman. (page 175.)

But the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Smith's portraits is that of Jefferson which, as it occupies four pages, can hardly be given here in full, but from which a few sentences may be quoted :

... There is something enigmatic about his portrait, which combines a body large and strong, fitted for horsemanship and athletic exercises, with a face somewhat feminine not to say feline. As governor of Virginia in the war he had shown lack of nerve if not of courage. Few will maintain that he was in an eminent degree truthful, straightforward, free from propensity to artifice and intrigue. Few will contend that he would ever, like Hamilton, have braved unpopularity in defence of righteousness. His own *Ana* remain to confute any admirer who claims for him freedom from malice or greatness of soul. He had unbounded faith in the people, and never doubted the success of the great American experiment in democracy; there lay his strength. . . . Intently he listened for the voice of the popular will, and surely he caught its every whisper. His political philosophy seems to have been summed up in the belief that all evils having been the work of government, the less of government there was the better. . . . He did not think it ridiculous to say that were it left to him to decide whether they should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government he should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter. . . . These were his transports, which in the actual field of politics were controlled by his good sense. Jefferson, however, was not one of the people . . . who, as they were not yet conscious of their power, were captivated by his condescension. He was literary, philosophic, scientific. . . . He was in his day the cynosure of classical taste, and the father of that domestic architecture which presented the front of a Doric temple with family and culinary developments in the rear. . . . Of all American statesmen, hitherto, Jefferson has left the deepest impression on the character of his people. Their political ideas and hopes, their notions about their own destiny and the part which they are to play in the drama of humanity have been his. That Jefferson, not Hamilton, rightly divined the tendency of society and the secret of the future is so far the verdict of events. It remains to be seen whether the belief in individual liberty, self-reliance, and self-help which formed his gospel is to give way as the creed of the party

progress, to belief in socialistic regulation and the paternal action of the state. (pp. 135-139.)

It would be rash to say that any description of an enigmatic character is thoroughly satisfactory; but there is certainly enough in this sketch to give the Jeffersonian Democrat of the present day food for thought. It represents, of course, the tone of the New England historians toward Jefferson, but in some important particulars it coincides with the opinions formed of his character by contemporary Virginians who were in a position to judge with some fairness. A later generation has come on and forgotten in the worship of their political saint many of the defects that were only too patent to their fathers; and not the least deplorable of the results of their hero-worship has been a depreciation or rather a forgetting of the character of Washington. That the greatest man of all his time should not have moulded the political views and principles of his own State is one of the most lamentable facts in history.

So much space has been given to the first three chapters that but little can be said about the remainder of Mr. Smith's volume. As it is chiefly taken up with the subject of slavery and the late war—a disagreeable one from every point of view—the necessity of brief treatment need not be regretted. Mr. Smith is throughout on the side of the Union which, as has been remarked before, is natural. He is not infrequently unjust to the South, especially in the rather scolding tone with which he speaks of slavery. Much that he says of it is true, but thirty years have not sufficed to make him see that the South could not in the nature of things have been other than she was and that under such circumstances it is the duty of the historian to avoid a declamatory or denunciatory tone. It is his duty, too, to inform himself more thoroughly about facts than Mr. Smith has done with regard to the treatment of Southern prisoners. The whole subject of the care of prisoners during the war is shocking, but if a writer will insist on devoting a page to the horrors of Andersonville, fairness demands that he should give a page to a

description of the horrors suffered by Southern prisoners in Northern prisons. If he does not believe in those horrors he should come South and consult the few survivors.

Mr. Smith has, however, parted company with the dominant school of Northern historians in his views as to the nature of the Constitution and the constitutional aspects of the war. It is impossible to discuss so far reaching a question here or to attempt to show that few of the writers who have treated it from either side have thoroughly understood what they were aiming at; but the citation of a few sentences from Mr. Smith may not be inappropriate or unwelcome:

. . . But it was not necessary to invoke formally the right of revolution. Wendell Phillips hit the mark. Two communities, radically differing in social structure, and, therefore, in political requirements, had been clamped together in ill-assorted, uneasy, contentious and immoral union. At length, in the course of nature, they fell asunder and formed two separate nations, the stronger of which proceeded to attack, conquer, and reannex the weaker. This was the simple fact. It was natural that the mind of the North should be possessed by the ideas of union and the constitution; that it should regard secession as treason and rebellion. But those names were really out of place, as the North itself was fain practically to confess. Not for a moment, or in a single instance, did it treat the Southerners as traitors or rebels. . . . Even the term civil war is hardly correct, since this was not a struggle between two parties for the same land, like that between the League and the Huguenots in France, or that between the Cavaliers and Roundheads in England, but between two communities, territorially separate, for the land of one of them which the other had taken arms to reannex. Only in the border states, in each of which two parties were struggling for ascendancy, could it be strictly called a civil war. (page 249.)

There is here much for historians of both sections to ponder although it would seem that Mr. Goldwin Smith has not fully apprehended all the conditions of the problem and that he has minimized too greatly the legitimate effects of the bond of union. The question is not one that can be disposed of in a few pages nor is it one that can be disposed of in a volume written from a special point of view. It will be solved only by the historian who approaches it from several points of view and with no preconceived theories. But Mr. Goldwin Smith's point of view has at least this merit, that it tends to discourage mutual recrimination between the sec-

tions provided that the qualification made above be given its due weight.

It is to be regretted that no review of this eminently readable book can do full justice to the brilliance of some of its generalizations or to the aptness of many of its special dicta. How is one to praise sufficiently Mr. Smith's epigrammatic description of Tom Paine as "the stormy petrel of three countries?" How is one satisfactorily to deny that "the sequel of the Boston Tea Party was the firing on Fort Sumter?" or, with reference to the compromises with slavery, that "compromises of expediency may well be wise, compromises of principle always fail?" Here in a nutshell is a key to the difficulties of our present political situation: "Federal parties extended, as they ever have, to state politics, the party in each State being a sort of donkey-engine to the great federal machine." It makes very little difference to find that the Virginia Resolutions of 1798 are not mentioned along with those of Kentucky, when the true uselessness not to say iniquity of the war of 1812 is so trenchantly brought out. If we are denied the comfortable belief that Patrick Henry was a second Demosthenes, we are at least told of Webster that "as an orator of reason he has no superior if he has an equal in the English language." If Jefferson Davis is laughed at for trying to escape in woman's clothes, General Lee is compared to Hannibal himself. If John Brown is not apotheosized,—and who save a few fanatics ever thought of doing it?—Lincoln receives a common sense eulogium which will do him more good than the ecstatic worship showered upon him by some of his biographers. But it is time to halt and to leave Mr. Goldwin Smith's book in the hands of all those who are interested in their country's history.

CELTIC SAINTS AND ROMANTIC FICTION.

FEW nations have cherished the memory of their dead with more loving veneration than the Celts, whether of Brittany or of Ireland. Hibernia was long known as the Island of the Saints and its inhabitants gave the same designation to the Isles of Arran. Legend asserts with a delightful accuracy of detail that there were relics of 10,129 saints at the monastic church of Clonmore. The Bollandists in their record stretching from January to November have gathered proofs of the cultus of seventy saints born in early Britain and of 304 of Irish or Scotch origin, which at this time implied no distinction of race. Biographies are preserved of 62 saints of Scotland and Wales, and the Irish hagiography is still more copious.

The greater part of these lives have been made accessible to the student either in the great collection of the Bollandists, in the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae*, in Reese's *Celtic Saints*, by Stokes in the *Tripartite Life of Patrick*, or elsewhere. Some of the earlier biographies may be regarded as historical documents with a little embellishment at times, that can, however, be easily separated from the rest. Such are Tirechan's *Life of Patrick* which seems to have been written in A. D. 658, some two hundred years after the death of its subject, and the *Life of Patrick* by Muirchu which may be placed a generation later, A. D. 698. We have also two lives of Columba, the Abbot of Hy, who died in 597, one by Abbot Cummene written before 669, the other by Abbot Adamnan which must be placed before 692. Both these are essentially historical, and a spirit even more sober pervades Walafrid Strabo's relation of the martyrdom of Blaithmac and Jonas' *Life of Columban* of Bobbio which are almost contemporary accounts. Cogitosus' *Life of Brigit*, too, must be placed within three centuries at least of her death and seems based on earlier material.

These are the only important exceptions that need be made to the statement that the lives of the early Celtic saints were written from four to six centuries after the events they profess to record. Of course even in these earlier lives there is much that is pure fiction. This is especially the case with Cogitosus, but it is more or less true of all except Walafrid Strabo and, possibly, Jonas of Bobbio. With the historical content of these or of the later legends, so far as they possess any, I do not propose to deal here. The subject is one of the most difficult with which the historical investigator has to do and is ill suited to popular exposition.¹

It is proposed to treat the legends here not historically nor critically, but from a literary point of view, as one of the first and most important steps in the development of Celtic and of European romantic fiction.

The documents with which we have to deal were written, as has been said, with very few exceptions between the year 900 and the year 1100. They precede, and then accompany, the development of national patriotic romance as we find it in Nennius and in the Arthurian legends. Sometimes based on earlier traditions, as were also the patriotic romances, sometimes, like those again, the creations of unbridled fancy, they must be received with caution as evidence of the state of the Church in the time of the author or of his subject, while in regard to social conditions their evidence is more valuable. Already in the seventh century we see that credulity vied with imagination to invent and preserve the strange tales that obscure the glorious work of the Patricks and Columbas. Cogitosus and Muirchu yield only in artistic finish to the romancers of a later time. Yet a cautious student is bound to examine all these legends, early and late, since there may be a grain of wheat hid in the bushel of what, at least from an historical point of view,

¹For an application of the "historical method" to these legends the curious reader may be referred to "St. Patrick's Earlier Life" in the *English Historical Review*, 1890. (p. 475.)

must be called chaff; but prudence will forbid him to invite his readers to share his fatigues. The writer of these pages has examined every printed life of a Celtic saint of which he has been able to learn the existence. This paper is result of his studies in their literary aspect. It aims to show how, as works of fiction, the legends indicate the ideals of the age that produced them and the characteristics of the country where they grew.

These legendary tales are not biography but romance. In an age that delighted in adventure and believed in miracle they took the place of professed fiction. It might almost seem as if Irish humor sometimes made legend the vehicle of parody; or will it be supposed that the Scots of the twelfth century were seriously or devotionally disposed by the tale of Cannech applying his miraculous powers to determine the number of seeds in an apple, or when they read of Barr who galloping across the Irish Channel on S. David's horse met Brendan riding on a whale, Arion like, who saluted him with the dry remark: "Marvellous is God in his saints," and swam on? Did not their credulity yield to a smile when they read how Finnian held up the fingers of one hand for a candle while he wrote with the other, and the light was so dazzling that a man who peeked through the key-hole was blinded so effectually that all his descendants were born with one eye?

Most noticeable in these legends is their family likeness. The story of one saint might as well be told of any other. There is no pronounced individuality. That very story of the shining fingers is told with unessential variations of Patrick, Foillan, Flannan, Columba of Tiree, and the Scot Blane whose fingers shot sparks. The writers seldom supplemented their failing imagination from classical or Romance sources, although Cyclops had been from the first familiar figures, perhaps from their relations to local mythology. A more characteristic case of borrowing occurs in the oldest life of Brigit. It tells how a rejected lover gave to the girl who had refused his suit a jewel of great price to guard for

him. Then he stole it from her, and, to insure its being lost past recovery, he cast it in the sea. And now he demanded its restoration, hoping that the girl would be compelled to sell herself to pay the debt. He would then purchase as a slave her who had rejected him as her husband. But Brigit defeated his evil design, for she recovered the jewel in the stomach of a fish. This story is in the *Gesta Romanorum* and seldom has "adaptation" been more naïve.

The remains of native superstition or of the common mythology of northern nations are naturally more frequent. The dying Gildas was borne to the sea and set adrift in an open boat like the mythical ancestor of Beowulf in the Saxon epic. The bees that accompanied Modamnoc to Ireland suggest the Norse legend of Beowa. Dragons in these tales lose nothing of their mythological character. The pagan Celts had peculiar veneration for the elements, water, fire, the sun. This appears constantly in the legends. King Logaire proposed to Patrick and a Druid: "Put your books in the water, and we will adore him whose book comes out unharmed." But the Druid "had heard of the baptism by water given by Patrick and thought that water was Patrick's god." Almost all the saints could calm the sea at will, they could control the tide, and their belongings would float against the current. They could strike rivers with barrenness, and Patrick, when a Druid by enchantment had covered a plain waist-deep with snow, removed it without moisture.

Fire was even more intimately associated with them. Miraculous light attended nearly every Celtic saint, and the element did not wait for their birth to do them homage. S. Fursey announced his conception by a great light filling all the monastery where his parents were transient guests. The mother of Edanus on a similar occasion, saw a moon enter her mouth; to her husband it seemed a star. Balls of fire watched over the infancy of many saints. As youths they could carry burning coals in their aprons, and light candles with their breath, or with a wet finger. Fire-giants,

or Cyclops, figure in the legends of Patrick and Brendan. Fire also appears as an instrument of divine vengeance on the Druids who had worshipped it. Miliuc burned himself at Patrick's approach, and his children were turned to ashes.

In their control over the heavenly bodies the Druids have the powers of darkness, the Christians of light. A Druid prolongs a night for three days, Ludigus, like Joshua, stays the sun in its course. Colman and Brigit fix a single ray in the same spot till sun-set, and Brigit when she had hung her cloak on a sunbeam to dry found it still hanging there at midnight¹. It was foretold that it should be continually light for twelve days after Patrick's death, "and the folk of Ulod said that to the end of the year the nights were not so dark as usual." (Stokes, l. c. 296.)

Few Celtic saints were born without a prodigy. Kentigern's mother "could not imagine when or how he was begotten," and, though she was unbaptized, she was disposed to attribute it to God, in which, says his biographer, "she was mistaken." Finan's mother "saw a fish of red gold flying from the East which entered through her mouth into her womb, and by him she conceived." Similar tales of Edanus and Fursey have been noticed already. Where fiery apparitions failed to proclaim the coming saint, Druids prophesied their glories or visions revealed their holiness. Finnian's mother observed continence and severe abstinence from his conception till his birth. During the same interval the mother of Columba of Tiree could eat no meat and drink no wine. For seven days before the birth of Fintan his mother sat on a log in a desert place and was fed from heaven. The rattling of the carts in which their mothers were driving proclaimed the sanctity of Edanus, Kieran, and Comgal. While yet unborn Mocteus observed the canonical hours and David demanded the precedence due to a bishop. It was revealed to the mother of Aidus that if

¹Several continental saints and the English Aldhelm hung cloaks on sunbeams.

the birth of her child could be deferred till the next morning he would be a great saint. To secure this blessing she sat till dawn on a stone in which, meantime, the child's head made a hole which was long exhibited as a proof of his sanctity. "The water that gathers in it heals every disease of the faithful to this day."¹

The wonders of their usually luminous childhood suggest the pastoral life. Brigit's infant stomach rejected all milk drawn by heathen hands from the common herd. With generous ease she multiplied and distributed milk, butter, and cows, and even robbed the rich to minister to the necessities of the poor. When the king reproached her for this she answered: "If my God asked you and my father of me, I would gladly give you both to him if I could." (Cogit. 13, 14, 30.) Her later lives say that it was then proclaimed from heaven that she was a type of the Blessed Virgin. Other holy children called water from rocks for their herds and made bitter water sweet, both in imitation of Moses.

The saints' power over children extended even to their pre-natal state. Brigit relieved an erring nun of the evidence of her fault "without birth or pain." (Cogit. 12.) This must have met with popular approval for the tale is repeated of Kieran, Cannech, and Aidus. On another occasion, however, she gave fruitfulness to a wife at her husband's prayer, but in this she found less emulation. Brigit's friend Bronus was once accused of being a father, but at the trial she made the infant name its parent, a layman, whom she thus converted. Her countryman Albeus performed the same wonder, and so did Aldhelm of Malmesbury and Antony of Padua.

Their childhood is hardly over when the saints enter the monastic schools. Miracles follow them here. Christ himself was the teacher of Cannech, Mocteus was taught by an angel, and the former, like Brigit, was able to secure in his own teaching the aid of a devil "breathing fire and smoke."

¹ASS. Hib. (Smedt et Becker), 333.

Wolves guarded the flocks of eager students and the thirst for knowledge conquered in them the pangs of hunger. Their books, like Cuthbert's Gospels, might not be harmed by water nor by fire. Colman once wrote the whole Psalter, the Acts, "and other books" in a single day. Cronan hired a scribe to write for him "till dark" and then miraculously prolonged the light for forty days so that the writer without resting to eat, drink, or sleep produced four gospels. Gildas rebuked Cadoc for hoping that Virgil, his favorite poet, might be among the saved, but a vision revealed to the latter that his wish was granted.

Many tales illustrate the eloquence of their preaching. Patrick spoke "three days and nights, and none knew that the sun had set or risen and they thought it but an hour." (Vit. Brig. 59.) Brigit's charioteer was so carried away by his own sermon, that he quite forgot his driving. Turning to the ladies, "he preached to them so wonderfully that they, too, failed to see that a horse had slipped his head from the yoke, till, to the admiration of the by-standers, the horse returned and yoked himself of his own accord."

Family life could play but small part in the lives of saints who were continent, usually from infancy. As the writers were men and monks it is not unnatural that women sometimes appear in an unfavorable light. Alban, as a special favor, converted a girl into a boy at the font. The followers of Albeus murmured because Blaitha had milked a wild doe in his presence "and he hearing this sent his servant who did the same." But his angel said: "Leave these trifling miracles to women, and perform them not, for they are fit only for women . . . but nothing under heaven shall be impossible to thee." (Vit. Alb. 47.) The marriage state was regarded with ill-favor by the legend writers. They make the parents of many saints continent after their conception, or at least during gestation. Others like Cuthbert are children of violated virgins. It was one of Iltyd's good deeds that he tricked his wife into leaving his house and refused to admit her on her return. Of course she soon began

to emulate his asceticism. But there are traces of a different spirit in the legends. Those of Wales preserve the memory of some married body connected with the monasteries. "The youths, the monks, and the married," are often mentioned together; it is put to Cadoc's credit that he chose to have "an unmarried man" for an abbot, and the reforms attributed to David and Wenefrid probably refer to a gradual separation of the sexes.

An irregular supply of food is inseparable from the life of a pastoral people and the relief of their necessity often claims the dignity of miracle. It is clear that agriculture played a very small part in the national life. The use of grain was hindered by the poor means of preparing it for food. Grinding corn seemed so great a burden that legends often make the mills turn of their own accord or under angel hands that the saint may have time for his devotions. Both Cuthbert and Columba reaped wheat that had been sown too late to yield a crop. The author of Fintan's life tells the same tale of him, shortening the time to extol his sanctity; but Ludigus outdid all rivals in this easy competition, for he sowed and reaped in the same day at Cluon Eraird. The story just told of Albeus and Blaitha is another amusing instance of this rivalry among the hagiographers.

The chief food was veal. The pastoral staff assisted the herdsman by separating cows from their calves. In countless cases the calf eaten the night before is found, like Thor's goats, alive the next morning. Meat stolen from the saints refused to be cooked, or turned to worms or snakes, but when the robbers returned it, it was restored to its former character. In the same way a pot for which Patrick had been sold, proved useless. Since meat was often the only food available, abstinence from it became practicable only by miracle. Ludigus turned veal to fish to save the scruples of his guest, Aidus, whose blessing restored it to its true state, but Ludigus turned it to fish again of which they ate unquestioning. (Vit. Lud. 40.) When two of Brigit's

nuns refused meat in Lent, the outraged abbess turned it, or as some say them, to vipers, and thence to altar-breads. Cogitosus (§26) tells of a man who used to eat an ox, and a pig, with bread at each meal till Brigit reduced his appetite to normal bounds. Those who would not eat meat, and could not catch fish, were supplied with miraculous draughts of them. This imitation of Christ was very common, but Finan's (§36) superior merits enabled him to catch fish on dry land. The products of the dairy fill a larger place than fish or grain. Salt and cheese the saints produced at their pleasure from stones; butter they could indefinitely increase. This last was the peculiar province of women and is a constant feature in the stories of Brigit and Darerca.

Saints who could call water from a rock found no difficulty in turning it to wine or milk. Nuns usually preferred beer. Brigit often made "the best of beer" even from holy water, and once changed a single measure of it into a "supply for eighteen churches." (Vit. Anon. i. 10, 18, 20, 24, 100.) Poisoned drinks, according to the gospel promise, failed to harm David or Columba. Patrick, and Albeus after him, separated it from their cups by freezing the liquid. Intemperance cannot have been severely judged. We are assured that the breath of Ludigus (§5) and of his friend Albeus (§46) sufficed to produce intoxication. The former was once at a feast where the wine was so bad that "it made all vomit." By soaking his sock in it, however, he so improved it that "it made all very drunk."¹

Other saints were quicker to punish fancied insults or wrong than to aid in convivial joys. Colman and Lasrean bade the earth swallow bards who mocked them, the latter adding that "to give to players was to sacrifice to demons." King Arthur was buried in the earth up to his neck for daring to ask for Padarn's cloak. Brigit struck a man dead who refused to let her drive through his new-set hedge. Cadoc caused a smith to be burned alive who refused to give him fire. Patrick cursed a field with barrenness because

¹Vit. Lud. 50. *Magnum ebrietatem omnibus fecit,*

his oxen were not suffered to feed there and a river, because the fishers would give him no fish. When another's horse fed on his own land he made him fall dead though at the owner's repentance he restored him to life with holy water. (Stokes, l. c. 291.) Brigit made an orchard barren because the owner found fault with her use of apples that had been given her from it. When a queen bade her maids tempt Teilo's chastity, he struck them with insanity. David withstood a like temptation with quiet dignity, but Moling induced the temptress to retire to a wood and, when she had laid aside her garments, severely chastised her.

Severity toward others implied austerity toward themselves. This is a never-ending theme of delight to their biographers. It is true that the early Scots exceeded their contemporaries in these practices. There is no reason to doubt that they fasted excessively, cramped their bodies in caves, and on shelves of rock, and, like Brigit, said the Psalter standing in tubs of cold water. Doubtless, too, they tended lepers, a favorite form of penance in the middle ages, when many thought that Christ himself had assumed the disease¹. Such facts stimulated fancy to invent the stag-beetle that devoured Ida's side, the stone that Ultan kept in his mouth for an entire Lent, and Kieran's bread made of flour and sand. It is not likely that Finnchu slept with corpses, still less that he hung himself up with sickles beneath his arm-pits. It is said that a pupil of Finnian wept "seeing the body of his master so greatly emaciated that the bones scarce clung to the flesh . . . and worms fell from his wounds." Colman bade two women eat snakes for penance, and Cannech was compelled to raise from death a woman whom a similar penance had killed. When Cuanath's mother praised his beauty that saint thought fit to tear out his eyes, whereupon God gave him "two beautiful blue ones." Brigit avoided a suitor by a miraculous disfigurement which disappeared with the danger. When Fur-

¹See Stokes, l. c. cxcv. seq., 407, 409; Reeves, Adamn. 335, 348; Burton, Arabian Nights, v. 294, note.

sey was in Gaul he exchanged diseases with a monk in Ireland by means of his bell that passed with them to and fro through the air. Daria whose sight had been restored by Brigit, voiced the general sentiment when he asked to be made blind again. "For," said he, "the farther from the world, the nearer to God."

That saints sometimes pushed their austerity to suicide, or at least to voluntary death, may have historic foundation, since many cases occur in various legends. A nun of Fanchea chose to die and be the spouse of Christ rather than marry an earthly lover, "and she gave her soul to God, the spouse she had chosen." The Briton Oran (Reeves, p. 284) consented to die at Hy to free the island by his burial there from the power of the Druids. Patrick gave Ross his choice "to live for a long time or now to go to heaven," and when he had taken the Sacrament he died. The death of Logaire's daughters (Stokes, p. 65) was also voluntary. Brendan's smith, and a mermaid whom he found, preferred death with the viaticum, to life. The same saint bade his cross-bearer "arise and take the Body of Christ and his Blood and go then to eternal life." He obeyed by springing into the sea where sea-cats devoured him. "He was a famous martyr," is the hagiographer's conclusion. Brendan also gave the Eucharist to an island hermit who died straightway, and such cases are not rare.¹

The journeys of the saints take a prominent place in their legends and nature seldom fails to do homage to their holiness. Trees move aside to make way for them, the fallen trunks raise themselves erect, rivers are dried at their approach, or divided to give them passage, the winds and the sea obey them. Here too the writers show an amusing rivalry of invention. Observing that Columba was said to drive without lynchpins the biographer of Kieran said his hero drove with a broken axle. A competitor, not to be outdone, makes Aidus drive with one wheel off. Macnissus

¹See Todd, l. c. 410; Colgan, ASS. 419, 705; Stokes, l. c. 181, 183, 575; Patr. Vit. iii. 33, Vit. iv. 78, Vit. vi. 34, 35, 159.

walked so humbly bent that the Gospels rested ever secure on his shoulders. To walk on the water and still tempests was an every day occurrence. If a boat was used they "asked no aid of sail or oar," Patrick sent his Cyclops on a penitential voyage with chained feet in a boat of hides. (Stokes, l. c. 286.) Some drove in carts over the sea, or sailed on a flat stone, or on the back of a sea monster. One of Mocteus' monks floated over it through the air on the branch of a tree.

The goal of these journeys was Britain or Ireland or Armorica, and Rome or Jerusalem. To their kinsmen they went for instruction. Longer journeys were usually penitential, though they often returned from them laden with relics. Fintan (§31) had proposed to portion out the Holy Land between himself, Brendan, Columba, and Cannech. Teilo preached at Jerusalem in Welsh to the edification of all nationalities, and chose in his humility the lowest seat there which proved to be Christ's own. Petroc penetrated even to the Eastern Ocean, and lived there on an island seven years with one fish for his only food. Visits to Rome were naturally more frequent. Kentigern made the journey seven times. Angels consecrated Albeus there, for the Pope felt himself unworthy. He, and Brigit also, sent clerks there to study Roman ways, and a priest was divinely summoned from that city to give her the last Sacrament. Edanus travelled there and back in one day, but his legend assures us that, like Egwin at Evesham, he could cure in Ireland those who had vainly sought succor at the threshold of the Apostles¹. Columba of Tiree enshrined the bones of S. Martin at Tours, fulfilling a prediction of that saint, whose supposed connection with Patrick endeared him to the Scots.

Legends differ in their account of the relation of Celtic saints to the English. Kieran passed twenty years

¹Vit. Edan. 31, 33. Vit. Finiani, 9 asserts that prayer at his altar is as good as at Rome. In England Medeshamsted made the same claim. Roman pilgrimages are recorded also of Tighernach, Macnissus, Mocteus, Colman, Kieran, Lasrean, Barr, Alban, Finnian.

among them, Colman (not he of Lindisfarne) made three journeys thither, Columba of Tiree preached to them, and Lasrean returned through that country. On the other hand Finnian and Edanus sought to destroy the Saxons, and Beuno deserted his solitary retreat at the sound of English voices. The feeling of aversion seems mutual, for Guthlac, the hermit saint of Croyland, used to say that the devils were wont to talk Welsh to him, a language that he had learned in youth.

With the spirit and courage of the vikings Cormac and Brendan sailed unknown seas in search of a new world, or of the fabled islands of the blessed. Brendan's voyages are the classical instances of these tales of adventure clothed in the thinnest disguise of religious purpose. Seven years he wandered over the ocean in search of a promised land, visiting annually an isle of birds, and another on which was an ideal monastery. He celebrated each Easter on the back of a whale, saw a sea-serpent much larger than his ship, and a fiery island with cyclopean giants which he took for the mouth of hell, though modern critics incline rather to think it a volcano which Scotch adventurers might have seen in Iceland. Near by, on a bare rock, Brendan found Judas, to whom Sunday brought this mitigation of his torment. He saw on an island "a hermit of Patrick," who was then a hundred and forty years old and had passed sixty years on the island, thirty of them without food. He reached at last the paradise he sought, remained there forty days, and returned with fruit and gems as witness of his successful quest, to Ireland where his monks "received him gladly and glorified God."

The love of nature is the consolation of him who is oppressed by the sinfulness of man. Trees and beasts were the friends of these Celtic solitaries and gave them willing obedience. Stags yoke themselves to Teilo's plough; a stag and a wolf to Kentigern's. Wild does yield their milk to them. The bees that Modamnoc had tended, followed him to Ireland and though sent back returned to their master.

Wolves guarded the scholars' sheep. The infant Albeus in imitation of Romulus, was fed by one. Kinedus, like Elijah, was fed by birds in the cell to which they had guided him. A dove was seen to perch on the shoulder of David as he preached. Many others loved and tended these innocent companions of their solitude, and Columba of Tiree said quaintly: "Why should birds shun a bird? for, as a bird flies, so my soul ceases not to soar toward heaven."

Patrick and his companions took the form of deer to escape their enemies. When Albeus heard that the king's horses had been devoured by lions he brought them back to life again and satisfied the hunger of the foreign beasts with a hundred horses summoned from heaven. Albeus procured from the same source a hundred sheep for Brigit, and she herself relieved a poacher, who had killed one of the king's foxes, from his punishment by creating another in every way as good. No wild beasts harmed the saints; snakes and dragons alone failed to win their love. But they seldom killed even these. Patrick, Columba, Carantoc, and Finnian, banished them, as Columba of Tiree did wolves from Erc. Keyna turned them to stone. A woman came to Petroc saying that she had swallowed a little snake. He blessed her so effectually that she vomited one three feet long and recovered. He also healed a sick dragon that came to his hermit cell.

Nature seemed to them full of God and of his angels, who often took the form of swans to unhallowed eyes. They consecrated Albeus at Rome, taught Mocteus his letters, helped to build Darerca's church, as they did Aldhelm's, turned Kieran's mill, bore trees and boats through the air and Columba of Tiree across the water. The angel Victor is to Patrick what the *daimon* was to Socrates, and his corpse was waked by an angelic host with psalms and sweet odors.

Healing the sick and raising the dead were the chief functions of the saints in this legendary society. Brigit cured diseases with her shadow (cp. Acts, v. 15), Columba with a pebble, others with holy water or a blessing. Brigit gave

an old woman a girdle to heal the sick, for this prudent beggar had refused a cow saying that it would be of no use to her since the thieves would steal it.

The saints were supposed to control the issues of life and death in themselves and others. Adamnan thought that Columba could prolong his life at will. Comgal indeed died at eighty and Brendan at ninety, but they found few imitators of their moderation. Legend gives to Patrick at least 120 years (Stokes, p. 67) to Comoginus 130, to Dega 140. The hermit Paul was 140 when Brendan met him, and showed no signs of age. Mocteus and Kieran died when 300 and Fintan touched 360. If others happened to die, the saints could easily bring them to life again. Blane performed this miracle with peculiar virtuosity, for he brought to life a dead boy first with one eye, then with both, and finally in a state of grace.¹ It was reserved for Senan to bring himself back from the dead, but he soon preferred to die again and bade his disciples keep his memorial on the day of his second departure.

Ludigus, like Patrick, presented his tooth to his servant remarking that it would be precious some day. Finnian's tooth, when lost in a bush, disclosed itself to the relic hunter by its radiance. Darerca provided the country folk with relics of herself before her death, and promised them future intercessions. The dead Colman appeared to superintend the enshrining of his relics and Flannan to punish the disturber of his bones. Yet Columba cast the dust of Kieran on the sea, Fiacc rent the arm of Comgal from his body, and fragmentary relics were constantly brought from Rome and Jerusalem. Macnissus for instance returned with one of the vessels of the "high altar," garments of the Apostles, bones of S. Thomas, and a stone from the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin. War could hardly be averted over the body of Patrick, and the legend of Albeus, attributes to him the same distinction. The biographer of Teilo had a bolder fancy. Three contending monasteries discovered one morning that

¹Forbes, *Scottish Kalendars*, 280.

the single object of their strife had suddenly become three bodies in every way indetical. Baldred, a hermit follower of Kentigern, shared with him, and the polyps, this power of self-multiplication.

In his eagerness to outbid all competitors the writer of the story of David has conceived a tale that caps the climax of absurdity. A German and a Welshman were captives among the Saracens. *Dewi wareth*, "David have mercy," cried the Welshman and was at length released. The German was moved to repeat the words he did not understand, and was delivered by the intercession of a saint of whose existence he was ignorant. (ASS. Boll. Mart. i. 47.)

B. W. WELLS.

OBERMANN AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.¹

SURELY no one that knows Matthew Arnold as poet, critic, theological amateur, and political freelance can accuse him seriously of having drawn his culture from one book. Who has oftener emphasized the value of wide reading? And yet there does seem to be great truth in the sweeping statement that every man, be his reading never so wide, can still point to a half-dozen men and books as the fashioners of his essential self. There may be many minor influences bearing with all their vigor upon his sensitive spirit, but above them there are some that direct the tendency of all; that serve as living centres of assimilation; that are the real architects of his genius at large, imposing on all acquired materials an individuality in virtue of their new relative worth and office in a vital whole. Thus we feel that Sophocles rather than Æschylus was master-poet for Arnold, that Wordsworth, the placid and passionless, naturally outshone in his heaven of art, the electric, impulsive, far-sweeping Goethe.

Every student of Matthew Arnold must have felt the sweet necessity of his poetry as a genuine expression of soul. Various estimates of his achievement exist, to be sure. Some people prefer his prose to his verse, others extol his verse and condone his prose. One thing, however, is plain. The critic and poet in him are forever inseparable; different offices of one soul. Was not poetry to him creative criticism of life? Did he not hold that poetry is the judge of civilization, in showing up the eternally beautiful, and setting side by side with it, either in the poem itself or, at least, by suggestion in the mind of the intent reader, all that in the actual is unlovely, unsound, impure, and in need of radical reform—thus censuring it, shaming it, and imposing upon it the doom of the world's eternal scorn?

This unity of poet and critic cannot but have suggested

¹The translations in the present paper are made from the well known edition of Senancour's "Obermann," with a preface by George Sand, published by Charpentier, Paris.

to the reader of Arnold the fact that *Obermann*, so affectionately praised by him exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the man and the critic, because so dear to the poet in youth and mature years. It may have been an unconscious infiltration only, but it must have been important. Goethe, the critic, Wordsworth, the poet, both masters of themselves, and kings in divers ways of spiritual calm; Sophocles, the Olympian, and Homer, the serene, these helped him to attain what he so ardently craved of the stars—sublime self-dependence, the power to do lofty duty without the sympathy of men. But, we can be sure—and to us, we dare say, it is comforting—this attainment was like that of Paracelsus, illusory. He who brought, at a decisive hour this sympathy, who soothed his fever of bitter unrest, was *Obermann*, not they. Sainte Beuve was his master in criticism, to be sure, but *Obermann* was an intimate, a brother in youth, a second, sweeter, never forgotten self.

The present paper is not intended to be a dogmatic re-statement, in perpetually varied terms, of the opinion that Senancour had a great share in the making of our poet and critic. It attempts a more modest but far more arduous task. In a series of selected morsels of *Obermann*, translated to give the intimate sense rather than to render the expression, this paper will attempt to furnish those who have not the opportunity, or leisure, of obtaining it for themselves, some evidence of the affinity we venture to affirm, and of the influence we would suggest as probable. We will not weary the reader with continual quotations from Arnold, or with repeated flashes of generalization more or less brilliant. On the whole we shall confine ourselves to Senancour and his marvellous *Obermann*.

As the reader is doubtless aware, the object of our present scrutiny is a collection of letters purporting to be those of a spirit astray, perplexed, but fully conscious of high capability and mission, to a friend, practical, happy in his home, genially conservative in faith and opinion. Such a collection of letters cannot, of course, pursue one line of thought per-

sistently ; the two characteristic topics of the book are constantly interwoven. These we must artificially separate, so far as possible, to make them clear at the first glance, reminding the reader, however, that we are examining Obermann for evidence of his kinship with Arnold, and not attempting to criticize Senancour's work for its own sake. We should otherwise have to dwell on the grace and witchery of the style, the sweet suddenness of transition from nature to man and from man to nature ; we should have to reprehend all its didactic digressions as artistic blunders, as plains of prose among the highlands of poetry and sentiment. On the contrary, from these very digressions we shall have to draw largely, while what is best in the work must be dismissed with a few quotations at the close of our paper.

Obermann then deals with two great subjects ; the considerations of practical ethics and the need of its reconstruction occupy his mind ; his soul is engaged with the emanations of beauty from nature, those secret suggestions, not mechanically allegorical, but direct interferences with the spirit of man, experienced in the midst of mountains and valleys, forests, birds, and waters, and under the eternal sky. And so we find constant efforts at evolving some theory of the moral regeneration of mankind, which has become imperative because of the inroad made upon tradition by science and the spirit of individual liberty. We have equally frequent hints how to obtain the comfort of everpresent nature, not seen through frigid mythological media, but felt as a portion of ourselves, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, spirit of our spirit—twin births, man and nature—the conscious and unconscious—of the same universal mother. Both these phases of the work might be separately found elsewhere, but their fusion, so intimate and significant, is what constitutes Obermann's originality of attitude, and makes one feel that Arnold, whose life-work was also the manifestation and advocacy of these two phases of spiritual activity—(the one in his rationalized theology, the other in

his literary essays, and both in his poetry—natural magic and moral profundity being always what he strove to enshrine in classic verse)—bears to Obermann a striking likeness, not so much of feature as of expression.

To go honestly to work, let us, momentarily at least, forget all bias for or against Arnold, the teacher—to some an apostle, to some an apostate and perverter. We must remember, whatever our feelings, that he was in earnest, a seeker after the highest welfare of man; and that, on the other hand, like all men, even his virulent detractors, he was fallible, and, unlike many of them, well aware of his extreme human fallibility of mind and heart.

Wordsworth was the apostle of nature, and found in his mission all felicity. Not so Arnold:

Never by passion quite possessed,
And never quite benumbed by the world's sway.

Like Senancour, he sought sympathy and serene self-possession which was ever eluding his eager grasp. He had not taken the last step in buddhistic self-renunciation. He still desired Nirvana, and this one desire perturbed and tortured him, itself the obstacle in the way of its own realization:

Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

Let us compare further the last wish of Obermann with that of Arnold, to dispel what doubt remains:

“If I should attain to advanced age; if some day, still active in thought, all converse with man foregone, I have a friend by my side to receive my last farewell to earth, let my chair be set on the short grass, and let there be in front of me those quiet daisies, under the sun, under the immense heaven, so that, as I leave the life that perishes, I may find once more something of the old infinite illusion.”

Here follow Arnold's words:

— but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide ærial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead ;
.....

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear ;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here !

Obermann had lost his belief in a mechanical providence. He was perplexed, as the Psalmist of old, that in the world virtue seems so often to suffer ; that, to quote his own words, at times, even "states perish for having failed to commit a crime." A world full of injustice, where crime does not bring punishment as surely as a violation of mechanical law, made him feel that spirit and matter are not in harmony, that spirit with its needs, is a solitary outcast in a universe which knows nothing of right and wrong. The dogmatic theorist who solves every difficulty so consistently and with such complacent assurance, revolts him utterly. "Whoever is in such startling accord with himself is either not sincere, or a dupe of his own system. He is playing a part." Theorists of "vigor and rigor" did not impose on him. He affirms the existence of practical dualism—believing a resolution of this dualism to be only possible to man illusively, each successive illusion having its own brief term. So he turns to man. Since nature does not reward virtue, as such, nor punish vice, as such, there must be error in our conceptions of right and wrong, or their reward and punishment are to be sought in man, instead of in the outer world. Hence he first tries to give himself an account of what is not traditionally, but naturally right and wrong. And then perceiving that even now, with all corrections duly made, there is no certainty of justice in external life, he affirms that virtue is not a more or less painful means to the attainment of a hypothetical joy-giving end ; that this has been an old, pernicious mistake to which is due very much of our despondency and, therefore, of our depravity. On the contrary, virtue is itself, the end of a natural prepotent passion

in men for righteousness, and, since an end *per se*, has a right to be considered a good without reference to any reward it may bring besides. Indeed, all goods resulting secondarily from virtue as a means, are secondary, adventitious, and would not be eagerly expected if men were normal and weighed probabilities without prejudice. To teach men not to count upon such accidental rewards of righteousness would greatly enhance their felicity. For if these secondary goods were not much sought, their partial presence or their absence would no longer produce a sense of disappointment and unfair treatment, which, reacting on the moral self, so often tends to weaken the impulse to virtue in the unfortunate, because virtue comes to be regarded as lacking all natural sanctions and, therefore, as not endowed with the obligatoriness of law. Now religion, to be sure, has done its best to make men look for no rewards as due to right doing in this life—but it has promised them in another. And the mistake has been to appeal to the imagination for rewards, instead of making virtue appear itself a good highly desirable, a noble reward of life-long effort. Attention should have been drawn to the fact of its fulfilling an eternal and supreme human want. An after-life has been imagined of adequate reward and punishment. If this was once a help to morals, we can state that it is becoming less potent as a motive for conduct, since mankind at large trusts the human imagination less and less, and actual cognition more and more. Besides, this method of immortal rewards and punishments is fatal to the dignity of virtue, degrading it to the rank of a means; furthermore, it vitiates the very essence of virtue itself. If good or evil lies in the motive of an act—as Jesus of Nazareth taught—then virtue for the sake of beatitude is not virtuous; it is selfish, grasping; egoism postponed to an imaginary hereafter; to use Matthew Arnold's excellent expression, it is not disinterested righteousness, but "other-worldliness."

Now Senancour continues to argue that in the downfall of false theologies there will be a breaking of barriers in

morals, and a destructive flood of vice. This is to be avoided only by a timely divorce of ethics and superstition which shall leave the latter to its fate, proving morality to be quite independent of external stimulus, since it has an internal motive force of its own, and at no time requires the mechanical, supercilious aid of the mythopoeic faculty. Thus the preacher's duty is not to preach a heaven and a hell in some doubtful hereafter, but to stir to conscious life the dormant craving for righteousness, to herald an actual this-life heaven of virtue; the supreme attainment of the supreme end, which being within reach, independent of the unmoral world of mechanism, is positive, certain, practical, cognizable, and worth all peril and strain. In the stimulation of this passion for "order," or righteousness, lies the mission of the reformer, because in the dominance of his passion—with its satisfaction dependent only on the will of the individual—lies the secret of self-mastery, contentment, and peace.

On the other hand in nature we have an eternal pattern and guide, a repertory of maxims, a world of suggestion, a consoler in these times of transition from the old to the new morality.

Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens remain
A world above man's head to let him see
.
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still.

Let the lover of poetry pardon this garbling of the sublime close of Arnold's "Summer Night." Such is the significance of nature to Obermann—a feeder of the heart, a constant supplier of beautiful illusions to the effect that man, the moral being, and nature, the mechanical concurrence of things, are somehow secretly in harmony, meaning in different words the same glorious thing, nature being full of man, in proportion as man at large becomes natural. But this becoming natural—one of the most constant thoughts of both Senancour and Arnold—can be understood

in two distinct ways, as a recessional movement towards what man was before Christianity, and as a forward impulse in the direction of what man is to become when, having outgrown present partial interpretations of Christ's message, he conforms more fully to the ideal presented by Him to such as have open, spiritual eyes. Arnold could not, of course, with his sentiment of culture and history, hold the former of these views, which Senancour held from Rousseau and his own time. Herein lies their chief difference. Senancour's attitude is destructive, Arnold's reconstructive and progressive.

Obermann, however, does not approve of an ascetic withdrawal from society because it is not according to nature; such a withdrawal is itself unnatural.

"An isolated being is never perfect; his existence is incomplete; he is in truth neither happy nor good." (p. 275.)

Yet he perceives quite clearly the independence of man from society in the deeper sense.

"The real life of man is in himself; what comes to him from without is adventitious only, and secondary. The effect of things upon him depends far more upon the state in which they find him, than on their intrinsic nature. . . . Therefore at each and every moment of his life, what concerns a man supremely is to be what he should be." (p. 25.)

This importance of the moral man as the antagonist of fate is emphasized again and again.

"In things, we may be sure, no peace is to be found; let us look for it in our hearts . . . Force is nature's law; will is the power of powers; energy in suffering is better than apathy in voluptuous delight. What we fear is vanity, what we desire is also vain. One thing only will be permanently good for us, to be what nature meant us to become." (p. 116.)

Now, according to Obermann, it is the province of ethical science to find just what is the intention of nature in respect to man, hence its paramount importance among sciences.

"Since man is of little significance in nature, while to him-

self he is everything, he ought to busy himself somewhat less with the laws of the world, and somewhat more with those of his own being; ignore perhaps such sciences as are unpractical nor have ever dried a single tear in hamlet and in hovel; ignore certain arts, maybe, admirable in themselves, but of no service; deny himself all passions, heroic, no doubt, but fatal; and strive instead, if it be possible, to establish institutions which restrain mankind yet cease to degrade him; to have less learning and less ignorance; and finally, if man is no mere blind centre of reactionary energy which should be abandoned by the forces of destiny, if his conduct can be said to be in any sense free, proclaim at large that morals constitute the only science for man in the hands of human providence." (p. 198.)

But together with this plea for the study of ethics, goes another for its purgation from traditional casuistry and for bringing it nearer to its data:

"There is for us no other moral law than that of the heart of man, no other science or other wisdom than acquaintance with its needs, and a just estimate of the respective means to happiness. Turn away from useless science, supernatural systems, mystifying dogmas. Leave what is remote to superior or differently constituted intelligences; what the intellect cannot clearly discern, was not intended for its scrutiny." (p. 117.)

The latter portion we understand in a relative sense only. He means no more than that a reasonable preference should be given to what is clearly seen over what can, at best, be surmised, and is, therefore, open to incalculable errors.

The consideration of the all-importance of ethics suggests, quite inevitably, a comparison of morality with religion, of the science of right and wrong and the disinterested art of doing right, with a system of beliefs which imposes indirectly a certain order of conduct:

"Morality, well understood by all, would make men very righteous, and, therefore, very kindly and very happy. Religion, which is a *less reasoned morality*, depending less on

proof, appealing less by the immediate reasons of things, emphasized, enforced by divine sanctions—religion, if well understood, would make men perfectly pure.” (p. 237.)

It is, then, according to Obermann, not merely a question as to whether ethics, or what he calls religion, is easier to understand properly, but there is also a decided difference in results. The direct method produces an active, consciously attained righteousness, as a consequence of which we should have, thinks he, all kindliness and happiness, strength out of which should proceed sweetness; by the emotional method of indirect attainment we have purity—absence of wrong—not necessarily vigor of character. Still, with this clear preference for the results attained by intelligent moral effort, he does not fail to recognize the worth of religion :

“I do not like to have men show intolerance against religion any more than in its favor. I approve of its pronounced opponents as little as of its fanatic furtherers.” (p. 230.)

And lest he should in any way be supposed to imply, in severe censure of false religion, any sympathy with iconoclastic aggressors upon Christianity, he returns to the subject several times :

“I admire religion when it is what it should be. I admire it as a great work. I dislike to have men, who rebel against religions, deny their beauty, failing to recognize or actually disowning the good those religions were intended to accomplish. These men are wrong. Good which has been done is less good, forsooth, because done in a manner not agreeable to their theory. It is well enough to seek means of doing better with less ; but let all acknowledge the good which has been accomplished, for, after all, even when the worst has been said, a great deal of it has been done.” (p. 237.)

“So far am I from cherishing a prejudice against Christianity, that I deplore, in a certain sense, what most of its zealots themselves hardly dream of deploring. I should gladly join them in lamenting the doom of Christianity, with this difference, however, between us, that they would wish

back its imperfect realization in the form even in which it existed a century ago, while I do not believe that the loss of such a Christianity is to be deplored." (p. 190.)

As Senancour wrote in the first quarter of this century, we can readily perceive what sort of Christianity he had in mind. He is, however, of those who sincerely regret their loss of hold on the faith of their youth. It is to him—as the promised land to Moses—a forbidden but beautiful country whither his soul may fly, but where his feet can never stand.

"Religion gives a goal, which, as it is never attained, is never unveiled; it subjects us, to set us at peace with ourselves. . . . It sets aside the idea of our insignificance; it removes the violent passions from life; it rids us of our desperate evils and our transient goods, in place of which it gives us a dream, the hope of whose realization—better perhaps than all real goods—endures at least till death. . . . But it rests on dogmas which some cannot believe; some who, anxious for its effects, cannot experience them, who regret its shelter but can never enjoy its security." (p. 180.)

The plea that dogmas can be incomprehensible and yet credible, because there is mystery in nature, he meets as follows:

"There is indeed a difference between acknowledging that there are things incomprehensible to man, and affirming that an inconceivable hypothesis in respect to these things is true and infallible." (p. 186.)

The old prudential argument of the unthinking adherents of religion—voiced by no less considerable a thinker than Pascal—he answers as it well deserves:

"*Believe because you run no risk by belief and run a great risk by disbelief* is an argument conclusive in matters of conduct; it is absurd, if what is demanded is faith. When was belief ever dependent upon the bare exercise of will?" (p. 182.)

The question then obtrudes itself, whether or not a man is justified in preaching independence from established modes of belief:

"If men were never to be undeceived, nor ever could be, the one question remaining for decision would be whether the general good can give the right to utter falsehood, and whether or not it is a crime, or, at least, a wrong, to speak the truth which contradicts it. But if this useful error—or rather this error which has been declared useful—can have a limited term only; if it be inevitable that some day credence will not be given on bare assertion, are we not compelled to conclude that all our moral edifice will be without means of support when this brilliant scaffolding has crumbled? By employing easier and speedier means of rendering the present secure, we expose the future to what may prove, perhaps, an irreparable overthrow. If, on the contrary, we had known how to discover in the human heart the eternal foundations of its morality, if we had known how to add what might possibly be wanting in our social organization and our city institutions, our labors, while, to be sure, more arduous and scientific, would have been as lasting as the world." (p. 184.)

"The world begins to want certainties, and to perceive positive facts; morals are undergoing change, and faith is no more; we must hasten, then, to prove to mankind that quite independently of a future life, their hearts have need of righteousness; that even for the individual there is no happiness without reasonableness, and that virtues are laws of nature quite as indispensable to social man as the laws of physical want." (p. 184.)

"I should never wish to rob of any notion whatsoever a head already empty enough to say, 'Were there no hell, where would be the use of being righteous?' It may happen, however, that what I write might be read by such a man; but it may also happen that I should diminish the number of those good souls who believe in duty only *because* they believe in hell. Perhaps I may succeed in making the notion of duty persist, when the fashion for relics and horned devils has quite passed.

"It is unavoidable that even the masses should come to

scorn more or less, and certainly at no very remote period, one of these two notions which they have been most imprudently taught to receive only together. We have, then, to prove to their satisfaction that these notions can very well exist apart, that the consignment to oblivion in the case of one does not carry with it the subversion of the other.

"I believe this hour to be fast approaching. It will be more generally seen that we should not lay on what is transient, the foundations of that moral refuge, banished from which we should be living in continuous secret warfare, in the midst of perfidies more odious than the acts of vengeance and the protracted hates of savage hordes." (p. 370.)

In these rather copious extracts we can see how plain to him seems the downfall of popular thaumaturgical Christianity. He does not believe merely that a divorce between religion and ethics is likely, but also that it is much to be desired for the greater permanent security and beneficence of the latter.

"Morality would greatly gain if it waved the support of a foredoomed fanaticism, in order to base its majesty on unimpeachable evidence. Do you want principles that speak to the heart? Summon, then, once more to your aid those principles that are in the heart of every well-organized man." (p. 143.)

Where religion touches morality is, according to Senancour, chiefly in its doctrine of an after-existence of just rewards and punishments. Now, he holds that on one hand, this after-existence, in the literal sense, is problematic, and, therefore, only a restraint of a precarious sort, while on the other hand it actively vitiates virtue. Instead of immortality, he points out the true source of morality in man—a faculty akin to his sense of the proportionate in the realm of form, the harmonious in the domain of sound—an ethical instinct quite as real as man's æsthetic instinct, which requires no artificial stimulation from belief in heaven and hell.

Let us now retrace the thought of Obermann as summarized

in the preceding paragraph, through a brief series of quotations :

"Is it not a notable fact that the terrors of an after-life have been a check to very few of those who were likely to be held back by nothing else? For the remainder of mankind, there are more natural, more direct, and, therefore, also more potent restraints. Since, once for all, man was endowed with a sense for order, since it forms a part of his nature, the need of it should have been made a conscious one in every individual. Thus there would have been left fewer villains than your dogmas leave, and we should have been spared all those they create." (p. 187.)

The idea of immortality he regards as one easily accounted for, and of suspicious origin—at least not one to be trusted for much practical service among enlightened men.

"Very restless, and more or less unhappy, we are always looking forward to the following hour, the next day, the years to come. We end by requiring an after-life as well. We have existed without living; some day, therefore, we shall live:—a conclusion more agreeable than logical. If it is a consolation to the unhappy, we have one good reason the more for suspecting its validity." (p. 183.)

Besides continual reference to an after-life insensibly lowers our conception of morals :

"In our habit of connecting every magnanimous impulse, every honest and pure thought, exclusively with our hope of immortality, there always lurks the implication that all is vile which is not supernatural; that whatsoever fails of transporting a man in ecstasy to the abodes of bliss, must necessarily lower him to the level of the brute; that earthly virtues are miserable hypocrisy; and that a soul restricted to this present life in its hopes, has only infamous desires and impure thoughts." (p. 188.)

Yet Senancour is not perverse enough to scorn the pathetic human desire for an eternal life.

"While the idea of immortality has every mark of a beautiful dream, that of annihilation cannot be rigorously proved.

The noble man must always desire that he may not perish altogether. Is not this enough to serve him as support? And besides, if to be righteous the hope of an after-life were needed, this shadowy possibility would suffice. But it is superfluous for him who leads a life according to reason. *There persists in the present a want of being righteous.*" (p. 189.)

A real belief in immortal rewards and punishments as a certainty would remove all choice of a reasonable sort; we should have virtue produced under compulsion, and "coercion of every nature has harmful consequences and only temporary results; the time is fast coming when we shall have resort to persuasion." (p. 190.)

Should it be asked what is the practical use of virtue if we perish utterly at death, he will answer "self respect, while we live."

"Man is perishable? It may be so, but let us perish fighting; and if annihilation be our doom, let us see to it that it be not our desert." (p. 412.)

Besides, the notion of the shortness of life would stimulate, so Obermann thinks, the moral life.

"To realize in silence that to-morrow everything on earth may be over for us, means at the same time to appreciate with a firmer look what has been done and what must yet be done with the gifts of life." (p. 410.)

In any case, Obermann persists in reiterating in different words the question:

"Is not the tendency to order as essentially a part of our bent, of our instinct, as the tendency to self-preservation, or to the reproduction of the species?" (George Sand's Preface.)

But there is another great harm which Obermann ascribes to the association of religion with morals. By supplying conduct with artificial stimulus and direction men are not taught the wherefore, but simply the fact. Certain acts of an external sort are dogmatically branded and certain words of hideous association come to be dreaded. The criminality

is not the thing dreaded. The name and ill fame are alone of real importance.

"It is a fatal mistake to lay too much stress on words and exterior acts ; by this means, a familiarity gained, possibly in some legitimate way, with these ghosts of evil, might suffice to strip of all importance the evil itself." (p. 234.)

In consequence, since certain acts committed constitute depravity, while the actual guilt is never even measured, many come to prize themselves hypocritically as saints, because they have neither the faculties nor the opportunities for committing definite heinous acts.

"A wisdom contrary to natural order is a strange kind of wisdom. Every faculty, every energy is a perfection. It is a glorious thing to be stronger than one's passions ; but it is sheer stupidity to pride one's self on the silence of the senses and of the heart ; it is as though one should believe one's self more perfect from the very fact which makes one less capable of becoming perfect." (p. 279.)

But the most serious flaw of our moral teaching under the amiable patronage of religious hierarchies is a preference for what is difficult, as though difficulty were a mark of excellence. According to this the man whose nature happens to be inclined to the good should force himself to attain evil ! Acts should not be praised for the mere sake of their impracticability and quixotism. If, now, morals were put on their natural basis, with their own normal criteria and motive energies, far better results would surely be achieved than at present.

"If the rules of morality preached to the people were true, consistent, and never strained ; if the reason for each duty were shown, and a due proportion observed ; if they had reference only to their actual ends, we should have nothing left to do but to hold in check a handful of men whose ill-organized brains had no sense for righteousness." (p. 240.)

But now let us see just what Senancour believes to be the natural criterion of right and wrong :

"All is good, when intelligence directs it ; evil, when un-

ruled by reason. Make use of the body's goods, while ordering them with foresight. A pleasure enjoyed in harmony with universal nature, is [morally] better than an unnatural privation; and the most unmeritorious act of our lives is less evil than the strain imposed upon us by those aimless virtues which serve only to retard our growth in wisdom." (p. 116.)

"Every end of a natural desire is legitimate, and all the means it suggests are good, provided they infringe on the right of no one, and produce in ourselves no real disorder which counterbalances their usefulness. But duties have been too much stretched. In order to obtain enough, more than enough has been *demande*d. And this has been a mistake. Ask too much of men, and they rebel. If they are expected to exhibit chimerical virtues, they will; they declare that it costs them but little trouble. But for the very reason that this virtuousness does not proceed from their nature, they will indulge in secret conduct quite contrary to it; and because of the secrecy of this conduct, there will be no means of putting a check to its excesses." (p. 282.)

Against the common doctrine that in proportion to the unnaturalness and painfulness of an act it is meritorious, he speaks very distinctly:

"Permit, authorize pleasures, so that virtue may exist; demonstrate the reasonableness of the laws, so that they may be revered. Invite to enjoyment, so that you be listened to when you enjoin suffering. Lift up the soul by the sense of natural delights; you will thus render it stronger and greater, to respect legitimate privations, and it will even revel in them when thoroughly convinced of their social utility." (p. 287.)

But from much that he has said, Obermann fears that he will be mistaken for a utilitarian, for a man who cynically scorns all efforts after the attainment of ideals.

"Can it be asserted that one ought to stop short of ideal beauty, of absolute happiness, and limit one's self to considerations of immediate use in the actual order of things?"

Because perfection is unattainable for every man, especially for mankind as a whole, shall we say that it is both unserviceable and foolishly futile to talk to them of such matters! Why, is not nature herself forever preparing the *more* that she may secure the *less*? Of a thousand seeds only one will spring. We should want to see what is the best conceivable, not merely in the hope of reaching it, but with a view to a closer approach than if we held out to ourselves as the ultimate end of efforts, what they can in very deed attain." (p. 201.)

But there is a vast difference between striving after absolute perfection, and a perverse preference for the difficult and painful in conduct! And, finally, the greatest fruit of the divorce of ethics and religious matters is to be found in the quality of our morality.

"When it lies in our power to do good, let us do it for its own sake; and if our lot sets brilliant actions beyond reach, let us not neglect, at all events, what glory fails to reward. Let us leave uncertainties out of the question, and be good in our obscurity. There are plenty of men to seek fame for its own sake, and thereby to furnish what may, perhaps, be regarded as a necessary impetus to a great state; for our part, let us strive only to do what ought to deserve fame, and let us be indifferent to the whims of fate, that grants it often to success and denies it sometimes to heroism, and so rarely awards it to the pure in heart." (p. 243.)

Finally, before closing this series of extracts concerned with Senancour's doctrine of the divorce of religion and ethics, let us see his vision of his true priest of morals—a vision destined to find its fulfilment in the career of Arnold:

"If there were righteous men, lovers of order by nature, whose first personal want was to bring men back to more unanimity, more conformity, and more joy; if, leaving to one side as doubtful whatever has never been proved, they impressed on men's minds the principles of righteousness and universal love which no one could confute; if they ventured to speak of those unerring paths of bliss; if carried

away by the truth they felt, they saw, which the listener, too, could not but perceive, they were to consecrate their lives to proclaiming it in different ways, and to create conviction by repetition." (p. 185.)

Are we wrong in crying, "Matthew Arnold?"

It is time now to turn our attention to the second great subject of *Obermann*—the vanity of individual life and the consolation to be drawn from nature.

"Seen from above, what is the worth of things from which our last breath will separate us?" (p. 411.)

"For us, who are individuals, those laws for the whole, that care for the species, this contempt of the individual, this march of creation is very hard to bear. I admire the providence which labors on a vast scale; but see how man is pitched among the rubbish! What folly to fancy we are something! Gods in our thought, insects as to happiness, we are like the Jupiter whose temple is in Bedlam: his bowl of soup brought into his cell, he mistakes for a censor, and he sits enthroned upon Olympus till the vilest of jailors recalls him to the world of fact by a blow, to kiss the hand that struck, and moisten his mouldy bread with tears." (p. 194.)

But this searing sadness does not annihilate for him the moral man.

"Granted that all is foreordained, it is also foreordained that I should behave as though there were no predestination." (p. 200.)

Besides, our insignificance is also a source of self-esteem:

"A transitory incident: I was—I shall cease to be! It is with a sense of awe that I discover that my thoughts are vaster than my being." (p. 86.)

"To give over all the faculties of life to mere pleasure is to give one's self up to eternal death," (p. 411,) for joys are disappointing and "in human sufferings, at all events, we get a taste of that infinity, with which we would gladly endow our being before it be diffused by a puff of time." (p. 83.) Furthermore, "to suffer and to be unhappy, are not one and

the same thing," and so he cries, "I do not want to enjoy; I want to hope. I should wish to know. I feel the need of limitless illusions, that withdraw to deceive me again. Of what interest to me is what has an end?" (p. 85.) And again, in a moment of soul-dominion, he gives us this prayer: "Sad and vain conception of a better world! Inexpressible overflow of love? Sorrow for the time that runs on uselessly! O passion for the world's weal, sustain, consume my life! What were it without thy sinister beauty? It is in thee that life is felt, it is through thee that it shall perish." (p. 77.)

Thinking of those who regard happiness as so readily attainable, "What a soul," he cries indignantly, "have those people then been given, who know of no greater misery than to suffer hunger?" (p. 76.)

The one great torture of life is the inadequacy of its opportunities for the full play of the soul's powers.

"I know of nothing which so fills life with weariness, as this perpetual drawl of things. It keeps us ever in a state of expectancy, until our life is over before we have reached the point where we intended to begin it." (p. 68.)

Again and again we have the same complaint.

"Man, whose greatest unhappiness would be incapacity for suffering; whom obstacles incite, and pleasures overwhelm; who grows in love with repose, only when he has forfeited it; who, borne on ceaselessly from illusion to illusion, does not and cannot possess anything else but illusions, and never does more than dream of living." (p. 330.)

Since things are thus, he becomes perplexed. What does he wish? To be undeceived? "I want no more desires—they do not delude me. I do not want them extinguished—that absolute vacancy would be more terrible still."

And yet again, Obermann draws a strange, sadly-sweet honey of self-esteem out of this bitter perplexity and disappointment:

"We do suffer because we are not what we have it in us to become; but were we in the midst of that world of oppor-

tunities by which we wish we were surrounded, we should not then have any more this excess of appetites, this superabundance of powers; we should no longer experience the delight of being superior to our destiny, greater and more creative than our environment requires." (p. 79.)

Still he cries: "My heart craves all, wants all, contains all! What shall I substitute for that infinite which my soul demands?" (p. 186.)

And how does he answer this question? Shall it be learning? Hear how he speaks of those eternal hungerers after recondite erudition:

"I can see those wavering spirits acquire information in solitude or content, while the oblivion of eternity is about to roll over their sapient spell-bound brains its wave of inevitable death and, in one moment of nature's sway, annul their being and their thoughts as well as their whole age." (p. 69.)

It is to the illusive consolations of nature that he turns, to her eternal allegories, sympathies, witcheries of beauty and delight. Let us here remember Arnold's usual manner of closing a poem of spiritual struggle, and also keep in mind what he has said of the future of poetry in the beautiful essay prefixed to Ward's great representative anthology.

"Can you understand the pleasure I feel when my foot sinks in soft burning sands, when I push on with difficulty, and find no water, no cool, no shade? Before me unploughed spaces without a sound; ruinous rocks, stripped bare and shattered; the forces of nature overcome by the power of time! Is it not as though I were at peace, when I see about me, under a burning sky, other barriers and abuses than those of my own heart?" (p. 74.)

We shall now translate three extracts in which he will show us how nature satisfied his thirst for the unreachable. Of course, it is only the spirit immanent in these that we would have the reader compare with that of Matthew Arnold's poems. It is not an indebtedness in particular instances of Arnold to Senancour that we hope to establish; it is to a kinship that we would call attention—a

kinship of spirit. Here, first, we have Obermann in rural surroundings:

"Since they were meant to yield a choicer wine, we decided at supper that these grapes should be gathered with our own hands only, selecting first the ripest, leaving a few days more to those that should yet need to mature. On the morrow, as soon as the mists had somewhat thinned, I put my basket on a barrow, and was the first to reach the end of the enclosure and begin the vintage. I was engaged in it almost single handed, nor did I try to find more expeditious means. I enjoyed the very slowness, and was sorry to see anyone else at work. The vintage lasted some twelve days. My barrow came and went along neglected paths rank with wet grass; I would purposely select the roughest and steepest, and so the days ran on insensibly, in the midst of mist and fruit and autumn sun. At dusk we poured our tea in milk yet warm, laughed at men who hunt for pleasures abroad, walked through the old hedged arbors, and went to rest content. I have seen the pomps of life, and in my heart there still burns the germ of vaster passions. I feel there also the sense for the great want of social life, the delight in philosophic order. Marcus Aurelius I have read, but he caused me no surprise. I can imagine all strained virtues, even the extreme heroism of a monastic life. All *that* can quicken my soul, but does not fill it. This barrow I load with grapes and gently push in front of me sustains it better. It seems to be quietly wheeling my hours along; I feel as though these slow and useful movements, this measured pace, were suited to the usual ebb and flow of life." (p. 66.)

Once more let us listen to Obermann, now in the city:

"It was dark and somewhat chill. I was in low spirits, and walked because I could do nothing better. I passed along a wall just high enough to lean on, near some flowers planted there. One daffodil in blossom! The most potent expression of yearning, the first perfume of the year! I felt in myself all the bliss destined for mankind. The indescribable harmony of all beings, the phantom of the ideal

world entirely possessed me ; never did I experience anything so great, so sudden. How can I discover what form, what analogy, what hidden tie made me see in that flower a beauty without all limits ; the expression, the grace, the attitude of a woman, happy and artless, in the full loveliness and splendor of her springtide of love? Never, do what I may, shall I be able to understand that power—that intensity nothing can convey ; that form nothing can embody ; that consciousness we feel of a better world, which yet seems left by nature uncreated ; that gleam of heaven we think we seize, which inspires with passion, transports us, yet is only an indiscernible, wandering, homeless, ghost, whose haunt is the abyss of gloom. But this shadowy dream, this image beautifully vague, endowed with all the potency of the unknown, grown needful to us in our miseries, and natural to our oppressed hearts—where is the man who having caught but once a glimpse of it, could ever forget it again? When the resistance, the opposition of a dead, brutal, hideous power trammels us, surrounds us, presses hard upon us, holds us down in doubt, disgust, and puerile details, stupid and cruel absurdities ; when sure of nothing, possessed of nothing, all passes before our eyes like the eccentric creatures of some odious, farcical nightmare ; who will keep down in our hearts the want of another order of things, of another nature?" (p. 110.)

Let us close with a note of peace :

"The nightingale from time to time threw into that expectant silence her solitary notes, single and reiterated ; that song of blissful nights, the sublime utterance of a primitive melody ; the unspeakable upward leap of love and agony ; voluptuous as the need that consumes my life ; simple, full of mystery, limitless as the heart that loves." (p. 273.)

W. N. GUTHRIE.

SECTIONALISM IN FINANCE.

If the student of history should be required to say what has been our greatest national evil, he could express his answer in the single word, Sectionalism; which, in any of its various types, is a menace to public and individual prosperity, and a prolific source of discord and disaster. For more than forty years, from the time of the Missouri Compromise until the opening of the bloodiest war of modern times, our progress was impeded by local jealousies, and by sectional hatred in its most violent form. The conflict was inevitable, and when at last it was ended, and the disbanded armies had returned once more to peaceful avocations, the old bitter feeling was too strong to be overcome at once. We can all remember how often the moribund issues of other days were revived and given a prominence that was worse than useless; and we are all aware that not until the lapse of a quarter of a century, and the coming of a new generation, could we realize that this particular phase of sectionalism was dead at last.

We live no longer amid the gleam of bayonets, nor do we dwell beneath the shadow of the Force Bill, and if we must engage in sectional controversy, we can at least take comfort from the fact that the kind with which we have to deal is not as sanguinary as that which confronted our fathers. The variety which has manifested itself for several years, and which confronts us to-day, may be termed Financial Sectionalism. For seventeen years the financial policy of the government has been a question of ever-increasing interest and importance, until now it has obscured every other issue. The emergency is so great that our National Legislature, in obedience to the call of the President, is now assembled in extraordinary session to act upon the necessities of the hour. The monetary stringency which for months past has been severely felt in every section of the Union,

the terrific shrinkage in the money values of real estate, of stocks and bonds, of iron, of cotton, corn and wheat, amounting to thousands of millions of dollars, the universal lack of confidence, and the depression felt by every interest—agricultural, industrial, commercial, and professional, have indeed served as an object lesson in finance, and have brought about a great change of opinion in many localities. But even in the light of all this costly experience, we find that in the financial warfare now being waged, new sectional lines are drawn almost as sharply as the old ones were in the days when Mason and Dixon's line marked the boundary between the slave-holding States and the free. We hear of the sound money States, the soft money States, and the silver States; and we find that, as a rule, the people of the older, wealthier, and more densely populated sections, conveniently called the East, are advocates of a monetary system totally different from that demanded by the people of the South and West, the newer and more thinly inhabited sections, where nearly every man is a debtor, and where the chief pursuits are agriculture, stock raising, and mining.

In the course of this financial discussion we have heard a great deal about Wall Street, gold-bugs, and conspiracies, from the champions of one side, and there have been some retaliatory remarks about silver kings, debt-scalers, and repudiators. We have permitted ourselves to become unduly excited over a purely practical question. Our politicians have taken up the issue, have waxed eloquent, and have evinced much feeling over a subject which properly admits of neither sentiment nor eloquence—a subject of which their knowledge is often as limited as is their practical acquaintance with gold, silver, and greenbacks. Our financial affairs are now largely controlled by political influences and combinations, but we shall never attain our full measure of prosperity until the entire system of finance is committed to the guidance of those whom education and experience have eminently fitted for the trust.

In the South every man thinks himself a financier, and it

is indeed strange how prone we are to disregard the established principles of economics, and how lightly we value the opinions of those whose studies and opportunities have best qualified them to pass intelligent judgment upon financial problems. In case of sickness, we call in the best physician we can get; on intricate points of law, we seek the counsel of an able attorney; when we build a house, we accept the plans of an architect;—in all these instances we show our respect for professional knowledge and skill; but on questions relating to money, it seems to be expected that intuition will supply the information which is usually acquired only by years of experience and study. The present writer must admit that, as far as he has read upon financial topics, he has been more impressed by the tenets of the sound money advocates—gold-bugs, if you will—than he has been by the theories of the inflationists. He has been inclined to defer to the opinions of those familiar with the handling and loaning of money, rather than to the ideas of those familiar only with efforts to borrow it. If all those who have been agitating the question of money so long, had devoted their time and talents to accumulating it, and, if the financial legislation of recent years had been different, the country would have been spared the disasters of the present year.

The unwise laws whose repeal is now sought by President Cleveland in response to the appeals and demands of the business interests of nearly all sections, are embodied in what is known as the Act of July 14, 1890, or the Sherman Silver Law. Before we attempt a discussion of this law, it may be well briefly to review the nature and functions of money, as outlined by economists, the causes that have led to the use of gold and silver as absolute money, and the experience of our government with bi-metallism.

Perhaps the best definition of money is that of General Walker, who says it is "that which passes freely from hand to hand throughout the community in final discharge

of debts and full payment for commodities, being accepted equally without reference to the character or credit of the person who offers it, and without the intention of the person who receives it to consume it, or enjoy it, or apply it to any other use than in time to tender it to others in discharge of debts or payment for commodities."

It has three legitimate functions: (1) it is a measure or common denominator of value, by which the comparative worth of commodities or services is estimated: (2) it is a common medium of exchange, necessary to transfer a service or commodity for another service or commodity, without resorting to the direct or primitive method of barter: and (3) it is the standard of deferred payments, by which future contracts and obligations are determined.

Passing over familiar details such as the ancient forms of money, and the early use of metals for this purpose, iron, lead, copper, bronze, and, finally, silver and gold, and the obvious advantages of coinage, we must dwell for a moment on the qualities that should be possessed by a metal selected by a civilized nation to discharge the functions of money. Being a measure of value, it should itself possess value: it must have the attribute it is intended to denote, just as a measure of distance must have length, and a measure of the force of gravity must have weight. Being a medium of exchange, it must possess the qualities of durability, divisibility, and portability, and in order to be conveniently handled, it must have great value in small bulk. Finally, as a standard for the payment of obligations maturing at some future time, it is imperative that it should possess the quality of steadiness in value. As far as possible, it should be free from fluctuations: consequently there should be a limit to its greatest possible production—its output at any time must be small in proportion to the amount already in existence. For want of one or more of these characteristics, the baser metals were long ago abandoned as money, except to a limited extent as tokens, and the two retained that possessed in

the greatest degree the essentials just enumerated, silver and gold.

The use of both the precious metals as money at a fixed ratio, prescribing how much in weight of one shall be equal in value to a given weight of the other, is termed bimetallism. Such selection by an individual nation of the two metals as unlimited legal tender in payment of debts at a ratio fixed without reference to the legal ratios of other nations, is national bimetallism; while an agreement between all the great commercial countries of the world on a uniform ratio, keeping the relative value of silver to gold invariable, and causing the concurrent use of both in all countries, would be international bimetallism. Monometallism implies the use of only one metal as a legal standard, and it is evident from Gresham's Law that silver monometallism does not permit of the circulation of gold; but gold monometallism does not necessarily convey the idea of the abandonment of silver as a money metal. Its advocates contend that gold, which is more uniform in value, is best suited for large transactions and for deferred payments, and that silver, which is more bulky and more subject to fluctuations, should be used only in smaller payments, and that its legal tender quality should be limited,

One hundred and one years have elapsed since our first coinage laws were enacted. The experiment of national bimetallism was adopted, and the Act of April 2, 1792, authorized the free coinage of gold and silver, at the rate of 1 to 15, which was then, as nearly as could be ascertained, the relative commercial value both in this country and in Europe. The gold dollar was not authorized, and the ten-dollar piece was made the basis of our gold coins, and contained 247.5 grains of pure gold, so that a gold dollar would have been the equivalent of 24.75 grains of pure gold. The only dollar provided for was the silver dollar, which contained 15 times 24.75 grains of pure silver, or 371¼ grains. The silver coins representing the

fractional parts of a dollar, as halves, quarters, dimes, and half-dimes, were established of the same fineness, and of a weight corresponding to their proportion of a dollar. Thus any cause affecting the circulation of the silver dollar would have the same effect upon the circulation of the minor coins. In the course of time the value of silver began to depreciate to a point where it required more than fifteen ounces of it to be exchangeable for one ounce of gold, and the effect of this decline was to drive the undervalued metal, gold, out of circulation. The necessity for a change of ratio was recognized, and accordingly, in 1834, the legal ratio between gold and silver was fixed at 1 to 16, to conform more nearly to commercial values. Instead of increasing the number of grains in a silver dollar until it reached the value of the gold dollar on the new basis, the weight of the gold coins was diminished to meet the fall in value of the silver dollar, the amount of pure gold in the eagle being reduced from 247.5 to 232 grains; and thus, to this extent, we were guilty of debasing our coinage. A slight change was made in 1837, when an act was passed fixing the same proportion of alloy for both gold and silver coins, one-tenth for each. The standard weight of the silver dollar was reduced from 416 to 412½ grains, its amount of pure silver being unchanged at 371½ grains; and the standard weight of the gold eagle remaining at 258 grains, its proportion of pure gold was slightly increased from 232 to 232.2 grains, making the legal ratio between the silver and gold coins as 371.25 to 23.22, or 15.98 to 1, which is the lawful proportion at the present time. In these changes of ratio, silver was slightly undervalued, and gold came back into circulation; and in 1849-50, owing to the phenomenal discoveries of gold in California, the commercial value of silver advanced so far above its coinage value that it began to be impossible to keep the silver coins in circulation. No man cared to pay a debt of one dollar with a coin which he could sell to a bullion dealer for one dollar and four cents in terms of gold; and as the minor

silver coins contained the same amount of silver in proportion as the dollar, they also disappeared, and business was seriously hampered for lack of small change. Various unsatisfactory substitutes were devised, such as change bills, checks, and tokens of different kinds, and the inconvenience finally became so great that, in 1853, Congress passed an act reducing the amount of pure silver in a half-dollar nearly 13 grains (from 172.80 to 165.62), and in the quarters, dimes, and half-dimes proportionately, and deprived all these coins of legal tender quality for amounts exceeding \$5.00 at one payment. In this act the silver dollar was not mentioned; it had long since disappeared, and, its place having been supplied by the gold dollar, which was first coined in 1849, and by bank bills, its absence was not felt. There was practically but a single standard at this time, and that standard was gold. The reduction of the weight of the minor silver coins to a point where it was no longer profitable to sell them as bullion, served to keep them in circulation; and their reduction to subsidiary rank by the restriction of their legal tender power and the withdrawal of their free coinage feature—the amount to be coined being left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury—was a practical abandonment of bimetallism by this government, a recognition of gold as the sole basis of value, and a relegation of silver to a secondary place. But as the commercial value of silver was greater than its coinage value, owing to the operation of the natural laws of supply and demand, there were no complaints from producers of silver, nor from any class of debtors. Nor was there any opposition, in 1873, by the friends of silver to the famous measure known as the Act Demonetizing Silver, which has since been so often denounced as the “monumental crime of the century.” Silver was then worth more commercially than its coinage valuation, and among those who voted for this bill was Senator Wm. M. Stewart, of Nevada, then and now a large operator of silver mines, and now one of the most active and ardent advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. It is

not generally known that the silver dollar was not demonetized by the Act of 1873. It was simply dropped from the list of coins to be thereafter issued, and the legal tender quality of those silver dollars already in existence was not disturbed. The silver dollar was, however, shorn of a portion of its monetary power, but it was done by virtue of the Act of June 22, 1874, which put into effect the revision of the statutes of the United States. A section of the Revised Statutes (S. 3586) thus limited the legal tender power of all silver coins, the dollar included: "The silver coins of the United States shall be a legal tender at their nominal value, for any amount not exceeding five dollars in any one payment."

There has been so much misdirected sentiment about the great wrong that was done in taking away from us the "dollar of our fathers" that it would be well for us to bear in mind that the total coinage of silver dollars, from the establishment of the mint in 1792 to the suspension of their coinage in 1873, was scarcely more than 8,000,000 pieces, and that there are not now enough of these dollars in existence to enable more than every fourth family in the United States to possess one as a souvenir. In view, too, of the attitude assumed at the present time by many who claim to be disciples of Thomas Jefferson, it is well to remember that an order was issued in 1805 by President Jefferson stopping the coinage of the silver dollar, and that such coinage was not resumed for thirty-one years.

It was not until there began to be a sharp decline in the price of silver in the years 1875 and 1876, that attacks were made upon the law of 1873, and there were certain peculiar conditions in our financial situation at that time which served to bring about an alliance between the silver-mining interests of the far West and the agricultural interests of the South and middle West. Here begins the era of sectionalism in finance. There had been an issue by the United States of something like a thousand million dollars of legal tender Treasury notes, fiat money pure and simple,

based, not upon a coin reserve, but merely upon the faith and credit of the government, which was not very good when those notes were issued as an expedient to relieve the Treasury of the exigencies in which it was placed to provide funds for the prosecution of the war. The legality of this issue had been upheld by a narrow majority of the Supreme Court, solely upon the grounds of public policy and natural necessity, and, as a logical consequence of so large an issue of fiat money, both gold and silver had been driven from circulation, and were bought and sold as commodities, or rather as objects of speculation, their values being expressed in terms of this depreciated currency. Specie payments had been universally suspended, and we had a paper standard of value. The natural commercial and industrial revival incident to the establishment of peace, and the great redundancy of the paper symbols of money, lent a powerful impetus to development and speculation. As a result of several years of over-trading and unnatural inflation of values, we had the memorable panic of 1873—the effects of which were particularly disastrous to those who had borrowed money, which they found themselves unable to repay. In the flush times preceding the panic, the people of the South and West, to obtain means to aid them in their various enterprises and developments, had borrowed largely from the money centres of the East, and thus the relations between the sections, of debtor and creditor, had become well established. After disaster had overtaken them, the debtors being anxious to find some way to relieve their distresses, and to discharge their obligations to their creditors as cheaply as possible, joined in the demand for more money, for a lower standard. Having vainly attempted to repeal the Act for the Resumption of Specie Payments, which provided also for the retirement of the legal tender Treasury notes down to the present limit of \$346,000,000, and having been forced to abandon the Utopian dream of unlimited paper money, their union with the silver producers, who were seeking to sustain their falling product, was a natural

consummation. Then began the demand for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the old ratio; then were the politicians and the people loud in their cries for the "dollar of the fathers," and bitter in their denunciations of the Shylocks and gold-bugs of the East, who were averse to being repaid in money of diminished purchasing power. Senators and Representatives in Congress, afraid to oppose their constituents, were tireless in their efforts, and enthusiastic in their zeal for "free silver," though they represented States producing not a dollar's worth of the "white metal," and though, if left to their individual judgments, they might have favored a different course. There was one conspicuous and honorable exception, an instance of honesty, courage, and independence, rarely seen in political life, and an example that is to be commended to some Senators of the present day. That eminent man, whose brilliant career as soldier, scholar, statesman, and jurist, was closed by death only a few months ago—L. Q. C. Lamar—was then a Senator from the State of Mississippi. The Legislature of that State had passed a joint resolution instructing its Senators to vote for the repeal of the Resumption Act, and to support the bill for the free coinage of silver. Upon receiving these instructions, Senator Lamar arose from his seat and gave utterance to these brave words, which have become historic: "Mr. President, between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. I cannot pass it I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful to my people. Even in this hour of their legislative displeasure and disapprobation, I cannot vote as these resolutions direct. I cannot and will not shirk the responsibilities which my position imposes. My duty, as I see it, I will do, and I will vote against this bill. . . . Then it will be for them to determine if adherence to my honest convictions has disqualified me from representing them."

The silver advocates were unable to secure free coinage, but succeeded in enacting a measure providing for the coinage of silver for government account, which is known as the Bland Bill. This Act, which was not approved by the President, and was passed over his veto on February 28, 1878, restored the full legal tender quality of the silver dollar, and directed the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase "from time to time, silver bullion at the market price thereof, not less than \$2,000,000 worth per month, nor more than \$4,000,000 per month, and cause the same to be coined monthly, as fast as so purchased, into dollars." The weight of the dollar was fixed at 412.5 grains of standard silver—equal to 371.25 grains of pure silver, thus retaining the old ratio of 15.86 to 1, established by the Act of 1837. The commercial value of silver then was about \$1.15 per ounce, so that when the coinage of the silver dollar was resumed, its intrinsic value was less than 90 cents. It was very plausibly argued that a restoration of silver to coinage and legal tender would so enhance its market value that it would soon have, commercially, the value placed upon it by law. The increased production of silver, however, was such that its price steadily declined. Government purchases were not sufficient to absorb it. Under the Act of 1878 the Treasury bought 291,292,019 ounces of fine silver, at a cost of \$308,199,262, and coined it into silver dollars amounting to \$378,196,793. This profit of nearly \$70,000,000 accruing to the government by stamping a falsehood on its coins, aroused the cupidity of the silver producers, who desired to make it themselves, and the demand for free coinage for individual account was renewed. The failure of the silver inflation to produce the promised good effects was explained by the argument that the experiment had not been fairly tried; that only the minimum amount—\$2,000,000 per month—had ever been coined, and that had the maximum amount been coined, approximating the surplus production of American mines, the result would have been different; that the true solution was free coinage, i. e.—that the holders of silver

bullion ought to be entitled to take their bullion to the mints and have it coined upon the same terms as gold. The issue being thus revived, in the spring of 1890 a free coinage measure passed the Senate, was amended in the House, was referred to a committee of conference, with Senator Sherman as chairman, and resulted in the compromise, which, becoming a law on July 14, 1890, is known as the Sherman Silver Purchase Act. No financial measure has ever provoked more discussion throughout the commercial world, and none has proved more disappointing to its authors, more unsatisfactory to its beneficiaries, more disastrous in its effects upon business. It was estimated that the annual yield of American mines, after deducting the amounts used in the arts and in South American trade was about 54,000,000 ounces, and it was contended that if our government would buy this amount, thus relieving the silver market to this extent, the commercial value of silver throughout the world could not fail to advance to a point equal to our legal coinage ratio. Acting upon this theory, the new law directed the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase each month 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion at the market value thereof, so long as silver was depreciated below its par of exchange with gold, and to issue in payment therefor United States Treasury notes in denominations of from \$1 to \$1,000. These notes were made legal tender for all debts unless expressly stipulated otherwise in the contract, and receivable for all public dues, and, when so received, were to be re-issued. They were made redeemable "in coin," either gold or silver, at the discretion of the Treasury. Coinage of silver dollars was continued, as provided by the Bland Act, until July 1, 1891, and after that time the Secretary of the Treasury was required to coin only so much of the bullion as might be necessary to redeem the notes issued for its purchase.

On the 1st day of July, 1893, in following the requirements of this Act, the government had issued, in round numbers, \$149,000,000 of Treasury notes in payment for its bul-

lion purchases. The total coinage of silver dollars since 1878, amounts to \$419,332,305, of which vast sum there is in circulation only about \$58,000,000, and should the government be afforded an opportunity to-day, to exchange its stock of silver coin and bullion for its equivalent in gold, we should see entailed upon it a net loss of more than \$125,000,000. While it is true that our government is rich, and that this loss, great as it is, will not bankrupt the Treasury, it is yet equally true that an indefinite continuance of our present policy will drive it to the point where it will no longer be able to redeem its notes in gold, but will be forced to pay them in silver, thus admitting its inability to maintain the parity of its obligations based upon silver with those based upon gold. It is only by encroaching upon a fund of gold provided as a reserve for the old legal tender notes, that the Treasury has been enabled for months past to meet the demands upon it for gold. Statistics show that 98 per cent. of the notes issued for silver purchases during the present year have been presented for redemption, so that practically we have been exchanging a meagre stock of gold for a hoarding of silver bullion. Foreign confidence in our financial integrity has been seriously impaired. European holdings of our securities have been thrown upon our stock markets in fabulous sums, and on a certain day a few weeks ago the business world witnessed the anomalous spectacle of money ruling at 74 per cent. on call in New York, and at 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in London. We have also seen a restriction of payments by the banks throughout the country, and a premium on currency at the commercial centres of \$10 to \$40 per thousand. During the past twelve months, there has been an increase in the amount of circulation of silver, silver Treasury notes, and national bank notes, of \$44,000,000, but gold and gold certificates have disappeared to the extent of \$53,000,000, so that on July 1st of this year, notwithstanding the silver inflation, our money circulation was actually less by \$9,000,000 than it was on the same day in 1892. And when we reflect that nearly 95 per cent. of the business

transactions of this country are conducted through the banks upon some form of credit, and that actual money transfers are made in but little over 5 per cent. ; that confidence is the great mainstay of business, and that any impairment of it results in a contraction of credits far exceeding the sum total of any possible money circulation, we can realize the importance of wiping from existence any cause or any law that operates to destroy that confidence.

It is true that the repeal of that part of the Sherman Act directing the purchase of silver, and the withdrawal of all government support of that metal may result in the closing of some mines which cannot be profitably worked at a low price for their products, and that the general business interests of the silver-producing States may at first be unfavorably affected. In some parts of Tennessee and Alabama, the production of iron is the most important industry. The price is abnormally low, and it requires every effort on the part of the companies to keep their furnaces in operation, and should they be forced to extinguish their fires, we should be left in great depression. Yet we stand upon our merits, though we have just as much right to ask Congress to purchase our iron at \$20 per ton with legal tender certificates payable in gold, as have the silver men of Colorado and Montana to demand a continuance of their sales to the government, or to ask for the coinage of sixty cent dollars.

The attempt to maintain a double standard in this country has been a failure. We have had merely a succession of single standards ; and under the free coinage system that standard was always the over-valued metal ; first silver then gold ; the two metals were never able to circulate together. We have seen that up to 1834 silver was the only coin that could be kept in circulation, and that after the change of ratio at that time, gold reappeared and silver vanished. Up to the civil war we practically did not have bimetallism, but gold monometallism. The least deviation between commercial and legal ratios sent one of the metals out of circulation, and while bimetallism was impossible for

over forty years because the silver dollar was worth from one to four cents more than the gold one, our friends in the far West would have us believe that bimetallism would be entirely feasible to-day, with a silver dollar worth from 40 to 45 cents less than a gold one.

The production of gold from 1850 to the present time has exceeded in amount all that was produced from the time of the discovery of America to the close of the first half of the present century. Its superiority over silver as a money metal has always been admitted, and its scarcity alone prevented its universal adoption as the sole standard of value. The great commercial nations have been availing themselves of its increased supply, and for many years have been substituting it for their silver, which they have exported in large amounts to India and other countries having a semi-barbaric population, until they are now firmly upon a gold basis. France, which is so often quoted as an example of successful bimetallism, has limited the debt-paying power of its 3,500,000,000 francs of silver, and has accumulated nearly one-fourth of the entire gold stock of the world. We felt the effects last winter of exports of gold to Austria, when that country was establishing itself upon a sound money basis, and last June the sudden drop of silver from 83 to 62 cents an ounce, was the effect of India's announcement to the world that she, too, had a surfeit of cheap money, and had stopped the free coinage of silver for private account.

In no leading nation of the earth is there now a mint open for the free coinage of silver. It is strange that when the doors are closed to silver coinage everywhere else, the demand should be made that they be thrown wide open here.

Three years ago, last month, silver was worth \$1.21 per ounce; within six weeks it fell to \$1.05. Quoted at 83 on the first of last June, it fell during the month to 62, and is now worth 74. Does any one contend that such a record meets that

great monetary requirement, steadiness in value, necessary in a standard of deferred payments?

Let us hope for a speedy cessation of silver purchases, without any further attempts at national bimetallism. The world has shown a preference for gold, and all the power of this government cannot avail to change that choice. Should we close our ports, and build a wall along our frontiers, and permit no one to enter, no one to leave, then, perhaps, national legislation could fix the commercial value of silver in this country; but as long as we have business with the outside world, we cannot bestow upon any commodity an artificial value which it does not inherently possess. Surely it would be best for all sections, East, South, and West, to unite upon a financial policy, based upon natural laws. As other nations find it to their interest to enter into no agreement with us so long as we attempt to uphold silver, we must perforce drop it, limit the debt-paying power of the stock we have, and by the withdrawal of paper bills of small denominations, force it into circulation, and devote ourselves to the accumulation of gold. By enlarging the national banking system, and permitting the banks to issue circulating notes to the par value of their bonds, a volume of sound currency would come into circulation, which would not drive out any element of the total circulating medium; and should experience prove that the quantity of gold in existence is insufficient to make the world's exchanges, we might be in a position to force Europe to join in the international re-monetization of silver, and could perhaps dictate the ratio to be established between the metals. The nations united can accomplish what none can do singly, and international bimetallism offers the only hope for the concurrent circulation of gold and silver as full legal tender money.

The greatest need of the country at present is the speedy restoration of the confidence that has been so rudely shaken by this year's crisis. Present conditions are not similar to those that prevailed in the upheavals of 1837, 1857, and 1873. We see no indications of unusual speculation, too

rapid development, or of over-trading; there has been no marked failure of crops for several years. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that when the prime cause of disturbance is removed, the much longed-for confidence will return. It is a great mistake to think that the capitalists and financial institutions of the East, or of any section, are beneficiaries of "hard times." The reverse is the case, for the shrinkage in values, and the loss of interest on money hoarded in times of a "scare," and the weakening of the loaning power of banks on account of the falling off of deposits, more than offset the high rates offered for money, not to mention the losses incurred by failures of debtors and decline of collaterals. There is no class of men who have been subject to a severer strain of late, or who have more reason to long for the return of low rates and "easy money," than the much abused bankers of New York.

It is a favorite dogma with the Southern people that the money circulation of the country, \$23.86 per capita, is much too small for the needs of business, and a candidate for political honors would stand small chance for election who did not promise to secure an immediate increase to \$50 per capita; and yet it would seem that the amount of that circulation is a matter of smaller importance than the manner of its distribution. If, by some unknown means, the sum of \$25 could be given to every person in the United States, unless the course of our domestic trade was changed, that money would soon flow through the regular channels • to the same reservoirs that hold it now.

It has been estimated that the money in circulation in Alabama per capita, is about \$8, in Tennessee \$13, and in Massachusetts, \$287. The cause of this disparity is not hard to find. Alabama, for instance, has been wholly an agricultural State, producing for market a single staple, cotton, a raw material, useless until manufactured. Of late years she has been building up an iron industry, resulting again in the production of a raw material, pig iron, which is mostly sent beyond her borders to be worked up. She also

ships timber and rough lumber in large amounts to be made elsewhere into vessels, cars, wagons, furniture, etc. These and other crude products of her fields, mines, and forests, bring to her annually not less than \$100,000,000. But at \$8 per head, the local circulation, the cash assets, so to speak, amount to only \$12,000,000; of the rest some has been invested locally, the greater part has gone abroad to be exchanged for needed commodities or to pay for borrowed capital. Alabama buys from other States food, clothing, tools, machinery, household furniture, and all the numerous appliances and conveniences required by our modern civilization, and returns in payment for them nearly ninety per cent. of the money received for her raw materials. When, in addition to this, we consider the large amount that goes out each year for interest on money borrowed, what wonder is it that the balance available for local circulation is limited?

If she would increase the volume of this circulation, and the same is true of the other Southern States, she must diversify her industries, and especially work up her crude materials. Money seeks the markets where needed commodities are to be had, and if the local markets can supply these wants, then it will remain in local circulation. This fact accounts in a great measure for the large per capita circulation in Massachusetts; her citizens can buy within her borders and from each other, nearly all that their needs or wishes may demand.

A good idea of the relative financial strength and weakness of the different sections can be obtained from the following table, which has been compiled from Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Bankers' Directory" and "Rhodes' Journal of Banking." This table, which is a recapitulation of tables already published in the Birmingham (Ala.) "Age-Herald," shows the number of banks in each section on January 1st, 1893, the number of banks in each closed between that date and September 7th, 1893, and the number of closed banks reopened:

SECTIONS.	No. of Banks.	Closed.	Resumed.	Percentage Closed.
New England States.....	1,211	12	0	.009
Middle States.....	2,171	48	6	.022
Southern States.....	2,430	152	24	.062
Central Western States.....	2,722	163	27	.06
Western States.....	3,152	252	39	.08
Pacific States.....	761	83	31	.109
Total United States.....	12,447	710	127	.342

There have been bank suspensions in all the States except Connecticut, Nevada, and Arizona. Connecticut being the land of steady habits, wooden nutmegs and Yankee thrift, naturally escaped unscathed, and the immunity of Nevada and Arizona is probably due to lack of material for a panic to work on.

The failures have been fewest in the thirteen States classified as New England and Middle. The banks in these States have not only themselves to take care of, but have been called upon to aid the other sections, and, under the circumstances, have responded liberally. It is worthy of note that when the vote was taken recently in the House of Representatives on the repeal of the Sherman Law, the Representatives of these thirteen States voted solidly for repeal, with a single exception—Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania. Thus the sections most thoroughly aroused to action on the repeal measure have weathered the storm with the fewest casualties.

On the other hand, the groups of Western States and Pacific States, which have been most determined to commit the country to the policy of free coinage, have suffered most from the panic that arose from the fear that the policy advocated by them might prevail. Kansas leads with fifty-five suspensions, or more than 9 per cent. of all other banks; Colorado shows forty-two closed banks or 33 per cent., and Montana looms up with nineteen suspensions out of a total of fifty-nine banks, with no resumptions yet reported.

By comparison with the other sections, the South has fared remarkably well. Only a fraction more than 6 per cent. of her banks have closed this year, and of the 152 closed, 24 or nearly 16 per cent. have resumed.

Per capita circulation, then, depends not on legislation, but upon local industrial conditions, and the self-regulating laws of trade and finance. We should, therefore, cease to disturb ourselves about the national average, and set to work to increase our own proportion. There is no certain way to get money of except by giving something of value for it; and when we produce commodities of value, in excess of our own requirements, we have a wealth, measurable in, and exchangeable for, money; and in proportion as what we produce to sell to others, exceeds or falls below what we have to buy outside, so will our money circulation increase or diminish.

We of the South have a higher destiny than to be a section of debtors, but we cannot reach that destiny by abusing others for being prosperous, by aiding in attempts to lower the money standard, or by seeking to shirk our contracts and obligations. Rather let us study the causes that bring wealth to others, and imitate their thrift. Industry guided by intelligence will surely succeed, and, step by step we shall gain financial independence, until with credit intact and honor unsullied, with sectional notions in finance as dead as the issues of the past, the South can boast of a prosperity commensurate with its natural resources, and worthy of a brave and generous people.

W. P. G. HARDING.

WOMEN AS MUSICIANS.

SINCE the days of Gobi, the Hindoo goddess, of Miriam, the Jewish maiden, and of the Sirens of ancient Greek mythology, woman has figured conspicuously in the development of music. Although she has never been a great productive genius, although she has never created symphonies, operas, and oratorios of lasting value, her influence has been such, that, without it, we could hardly conceive our music of the present to be possible.

In music we need all the faculties, all the characteristics, in a word all the personality of the human being. Since the nature of woman is such as man does not possess; since the elements of male and female individualism combined, make up what we know as human mind and soul, it is evident that, without the assistance of woman, without her influence, her emotions, her intuitions, and her prejudices, a full development of music would be impossible. Without the co-operation of woman's personality it would, even at this late day, lie a semi-conscious prisoner in the fetters of barbarism. Where man employs cold, hard reason, where he longs to unravel the secrets of unexplored domains, where he would penetrate into the misty spheres of illimitable space, woman often acts intuitively, and although she follows impulses and spontaneous impressions more readily than man does, her instincts often guide her safely over difficulties that yield only reluctantly to his intellectual acumen. Since music is the language of the emotions and appeals directly to the heart, it must necessarily affect strongly a being so preëminently emotional, one who consults the heart much oftener than the head. As there exists a clearly defined masculine and feminine element in the nature and construction of music, it is evident that there must also be the same condition in its interpreters.

The musical development of woman has not progressed

side by side with that of man, though it is more likely than not, that the first singing and whistling, the first outward evidence that music was engrafted into the soul of primitive man, was practised by women as well as by men, and that the former took as active a part in unconsciously developing music as the latter, until it became more and more the practice of men to go to the hunt and to war under the sound of songs, the beating of drums, and the blowing of horns. This association of music with occupations almost exclusively those of the stronger sex, gradually estranged it from women, to such an extent, at least, that their musical development did not progress as rapidly as did that of their lords. The social position occupied by the wives, daughters, and sisters of the ancients is, in itself, a solution of the problem why women did not grow in their musical perceptions as rapidly as did men. Not in music alone, but also in all the other arts and sciences, woman was in earlier times always more or less neglected, and even up to within a century ago the education given to girls was something entirely different from what it is now, and in no particular, save in instruction on subjects of religion, could it compare with the mental training received by boys.

With the promulgation of the principles of Christianity a new era for music began, but one which during its first centuries gave very little promise of the glorious results it has since witnessed. Music in the early Christian Church was almost exclusively in the hands of men. It was cultivated in monasteries and choir-schools to such an extent that even barbarous means were employed to preserve the voices of boys, but the singing of girls was sadly neglected. In nunneries very little music was to be heard.

Against all these disadvantages, and against all obstacles placed in her way, woman has battled bravely, until at this day, she occupies a position in the musical life of the world which, so far as her power of reproduction is concerned, fully equals that attained by the lord of creation himself.

It has been asserted by a few writers, that many of the

popular songs of Europe, that is, many of the real folk-songs, were composed by women. I consider this theory erroneous, because I have been unable to find anything to prove its truth. While I do not question the possibility of such origin of popular melodies, I doubt the probability of woman's attempting composition at so early a date. A work of greater importance, however, than the composition of popular songs was carried on by women in the Dark Ages. They taught the children such melodies as were then in existence. In the earlier stages of musical development in the Christian Church the science of representing tones by written characters was, of course, in its infancy, and even the best systems were quite as frequently misunderstood as comprehended. At this time women, who had been forbidden to sing at divine worship, consoled themselves by allowing the powers of their sex to have full sway in that domain, in which the arbitrary mandates of dyspeptic priests and gout-stricken prelates could not control their actions—in the nursery—and there they taught the little ones to sing the songs learned in church and from friends and neighbors. Thus, with the Church hampering musical growth on one side, while nobly encouraging it on the other, women did their share—and the lion's share it was—in preserving the melodies that would have been lost but for their transmission by rote from generation to generation.

It is certainly not altogether without significance that a woman, St. Cecilia, was chosen as the patron of the Divine Art, from which it is plain that she must have been recognized as one of the foremost musicians of the early Church. The influence of women in Church and mission work is so evident, even to the most obtuse, that no one has yet dared to deny its potency. The spirit that prompts them in this work and that which creates and entertains in them a love for music is the same, and, when technically instructed, they would probably find it no more difficult to express their emotions in original compositions, than it is for them to clothe their religious impulses in words.

Vocal music, because of its nature, is that branch of the art in which woman has been greatest, while the theory of music, for the same reason, is her weakest point. Vocal music appeals more directly to the heart and soul than does the tone of even the most sympathetic instrument, while in the theory of the art, we deal with pure sound only, and hence, because of the fact that the emotional nature in man is less active than in woman, he is superior to her in his ability to penetrate the mysteries of musical theory, over which complete mastery can be attained only after years of profound study. The theory of music is such that it is quite as difficult to understand it fully as it is to become proficient in metaphysics; and it is a fact that the study of philosophy for the purpose of mental training is almost indispensable to any one who wishes to excel in musical theory.

To illustrate the success of woman in music we need only recall the names of those of her sex who within the last one hundred and fifty years have become famous through their achievements. The history of music contains no brighter pages than those which recount the lives and works of the great female musicians. Of celebrated vocalists we have had Catalani, the brilliant and soulful; Sonntag, the light-hearted and cheerful; and Lind, the generous and sympathetic. There is no lover of music living at this day whose heart has not beat faster when reading or hearing of the brilliant triumphs of the phenomenal Patti, and millions in all parts of the civilized world have been thrilled by the magic tones of her voice. Besides these, the musical world has heard with glowing admiration Schröder, Malibran, Grisi, Lucca, Materna, Nielssen, Lehmann, and, among Americans fully qualified to be ranked with these great foreigners, Kellogg, Carey, Thursby, Hauk and Abbott. Many others, too, while they do not occupy positions in the realm of vocal music as high as those attained by their sisters just mentioned, are zealous and successful laborers in the cause of pure art.

Piano playing has for years been quite the fashion among women. This accomplishment, the beginning of which dates back to the times of the clavichord, spinet, and virginal, and even to the days when mediæval ladies played upon the lute and mandolin, has undergone a course of development and improvement brought about to a great extent through the efforts of female performers, although a hundred years ago no woman thought of becoming a professional pianoforte virtuoso. Woman's development in this branch of the art is as remarkable as it has been sudden, and we have had and still have, many great and accomplished female pianists, who occupy a place of honor in the magnificent galaxy of brilliant piano virtuosi. Foremost among these is Clara Schumann, than whom no more poetic and inspired performer ever lived. This lady who, while yet a child, astounded musical Europe with her wonderful playing, continues at this time, though she has long since passed the age of three-score and ten, to delight and edify the most cultured audiences with the brilliancy and power of her performances. Others, almost equally successful, though not equally great, are Meuter, Mehlig, Bronsart, Goddard, Krebs, Timanoff, and Aus der Ohe; also Carreno, Fay, and Stevens, these three being native Americans, who daily proclaim to the world through their performances that the women of America are second to none in the art of piano playing. In organ playing, too, women have come bravely to the front, and many a position as church organist, requiring not alone skill in the manipulation of a complicated instrument that becomes sometimes almost unwieldy, but also sound knowledge of music, is to-day filled with credit by them.

The instrument justly considered to be most preëminently suited to woman, because of its lightness, its form, the natural grace required in its treatment, but, above all, because of the deep poetry of its tones, its emotional qualities and its sympathetic appeals—the violin—was for years neglected by female musicians, for reasons, which, plausible

though they may seem, are, nevertheless, utterly without justification. Even twenty years ago it was an odd sight, and one that rarely failed to elicit visible and audible comment, not always charitable, when a girl or young woman carried a violin case through the streets of a city. Now it is quite different, thanks to a few noble women, who, not heeding this criticism as adverse as it was prejudiced, devoted themselves to the queen of all musical instruments. To their efforts we owe it that the violin is to-day a "lady's instrument" in a truer sense than that in which this term was applied to the piano. To-day we can see in the cities of this country, as well in as those of Europe, long lines of girls and women of all ages carrying their violins to or from a lesson, a rehearsal, or a concert. We have numerous orchestras in which women occupy prominent positions, and even some composed entirely of women. The violin, in the hands of a skilled female performer, appeals to the emotions of the listener as it does but rarely when played upon by a man, although the greatest depth and grandeur of which the instrument is capable have not yet been elicited by women.

The most prominent among female violinists are Maddeleine Lombardini, a pupil of the great Italian master Tartini; Teresa and Maria Milanollo, two young girls who created a furore by their skilful playing in the first half of the present century; Madam Norman-Neruda, whose profound classical style compares quite favorably with that of Wilhelmj; Camilla Urso, who, in her extensive travels through this country, has done more than any other artist to awaken a desire for the study of the violin among women; Teresa Tua, who has been before the public as a brilliant virtuoso ever since she was a mere child; and, lastly, Maud Powell, a young American of great ability and musical individualism. In the ranks of the viola and violoncello players of to-day we find several women who, for their mechanical skill as well as their knowledge of the resources of their instruments, deserve a place of honor among concert and orchestral players. Marguerite, Queen of Italy, is devoted to

the violoncello, and is said to play the instrument "tolerably well for a queen." The flute, clarinet, bassoon, cornet—in fact, every orchestra and band instrument—have been attempted by women, and, in most, cases, with marked success, in so far as they have not shrunk from the mechanical difficulties presented by the various instruments.

In composition, too, woman has tried her skill, but, though in some instances success has attended her efforts in this field, on the whole, these attempts, when compared with what male composers and female performers have achieved, must be pronounced failures. Prominent among women who have composed music is Clara Schumann, who has published many more or less acceptable pieces of vocal and instrumental music. Fanny Hensel, the sister of Felix Mendelssohn, composed a number of songs and pianoforte pieces in the style of her illustrious brother. Josephine Lang, a friend of the Mendelssohns, also composed some pleasing vocal music. Louise Ruget composed songs that were admired and sung, for the time being, throughout France and Belgium. Marie Malibran, the great vocalist, was also the author of several fine songs. A few years ago, an opera composed by Ingeborg von Bronsart, the celebrated pianist, was performed at Weimar under the direction of the composer. This opera met with a favorable reception both from the public and from the musicians of that great art centre, so familiar to all admirers of Schiller, Goethe, Liszt, and the other illustrious men who have made it their home. Besides these, there are a few other solitary, not very successful attempts by women, at the composition of operas, oratorios, and symphonies. One of the earliest of these efforts was made by Princess Amalie, a sister of Frederic the Great. Among the few women who have gained fame as writers on musical subjects are Elisa Polka, Mrs. Raymond-Ritter, and Anna March, who have written some excellent sketches and essays.

But why is it that woman, who has gained the height of fame not alone as executive musician, but also as painter,

poet, and novelist, who has even manipulated the chisel and modelling clay with success, and has attained renown at the bar and in the dissecting room, has not excelled as a productive musician? Why has not a woman with the genius of a Mozart or a Beethoven risen to join hands with Rosa Bonheur, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning? In the face of the success attained by these women, and for other quite evident reasons, it is not safe to assert, as has been done, that women are deficient in intellectual powers. Though the average weight of the brain of an adult male is $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., while that of the adult female is only 2 lbs., we can draw no conclusions whatever from this fact, for it is well known that the utility of brain depends more upon quality than quantity. We may come much nearer to the truth when we claim that women, as I have intimated, are not given to exerting their reasoning powers to their utmost limit. The very principles of their existence, their natural dependence upon the stronger sex, make this natural. But, with all this, it is difficult to understand why woman, with a soul so susceptible to tender emotions, so readily charmed by the gentle powers of music, and so easily directed by impulses, should not have created some great work, should not have reflected the beauties and sweet harmonies of her soul in the grandest original compositions. The solution of this problem is doubtless found in the fact, that the manifestations of a woman's nature are so entirely different from those of a man's, that her tendencies, her ideals, are peculiar to her sex. She, more dominated by emotions and intuitions, instinctively grasps the secret meaning of so abstract an art as music, and arrives almost unconsciously at a point attained by man only after profound reasoning. A man seeks to explain why and how he arrives at certain musical conclusions, while a woman is not apt to define her impressions and deductions clearly, and is, therefore, less successful in giving them an outward direction and in framing their tones. Though woman is highly qualified by nature to express ideas in music as if they were the workings

of her own soul, though she is peculiarly fitted to reflect the poetical nature of the art on the background of her own individuality, she cannot create these poetic reflections in compositions original with herself. Her nature is opposed to the cold reasoning and the solution of profound musical problems, such as must be encountered by the successful composer. This perhaps explains why there is not a single composition by a female musician that bids fair to hold even the second or the third rank.

As a teacher of music, except in the field of theory, woman has been eminently successful, though it is painfully obvious that some, by their incompetence and superficiality, have done much to retard a healthful growth of musical understanding.

In this capacity women have a great and glorious future before them. There are so many instances where they can exercise a most salutary influence, that it would be idle to attempt to mention them severally. They must bear in mind what their sisters have achieved in the cause of high art, and if they feel themselves called to the office of a teacher, they must remember that even the greatest enthusiasm for their profession cannot excuse superficiality, and that it is their duty to prepare themselves thoroughly for their high calling. But women are by nature conscientious and painstaking, and, properly equipped, they become an honor and ornament to the profession of teachers.

In connection with the impediments to true art generated by the work of incompetent teachers, another point on which women are not always as faithful to music as one might wish they were, must also be considered. I refer to the manner in which the art is sometimes neglected by them as they grow older, especially when they become wives and mothers. A married woman who continues her study of music and who practises enough to keep herself from deteriorating in mechanical ability day after day, until she finally awakens to the sad fact, that has been long since evident to others, that she can no longer sing or play as she could

in her youth, is indeed something of a rarity. Some writers have claimed, that the love of woman for the art of music, as also her love for other similar enjoyments and pleasures, her desire for recreations and diversions of which she was once fond, undergoes a change and loses its intensity as she grows older. I dare not pronounce this statement altogether incorrect, having myself seen instances that seem to prove its truth; but in the face of our knowledge of the lives and works of our great female musicians I cannot admit that such a change takes place necessarily. One great reason why so many women utterly neglect music after they are married, or after they have finally given up all hope of ever marrying, is that, with them, music has simply been a means to an end, and that end—to shine in society—having been accomplished, or its attainment being despaired of, music is laid aside like a worn-out garment. It is true that many women would gladly continue the study and practice of music to the end of their days, but by unavoidable or insurmountable difficulties are prevented from doing so. No woman who loved music truly and earnestly when she was young, who had felt the magic touch of the art upon her innermost soul, would ever forsake her early love when age had come upon her. She might no longer be able to sing or to play, but she would ever be anxious and willing to further the interests of the art whenever it was in her power so to do.

The greatest composers of the world have been influenced to a marked degree by women, and in this indirect manner, the power exercised by woman in music is most extraordinary. Not to speak of the vocal parts in operas, oratorios, and other works where female voices are employed, we are astounded by the number of songs written for women or dedicated to them. Many of these compositions were inspired by female friends of the great masters, and would not have been written had not such influence been brought to bear upon their authors. Thus, after all, woman may be considered, in one sense of the word, as a

successful creator of music. Since the days of Bach, who wrote a set of fugues and other pieces for his wife, many composers have erected monuments to the memory of their female friends by inscribing to them the fruits of their genius. But few of the works of Mozart are dedicated to men, while the master honors women thirty-three times in his dedications of compositions. Schubert, also, inscribed many of his works to women. The most inspired creations of Beethoven are those written in the time of his various arduous courtships, and those dedicated to some of the noble women who recognized and understood his genius. All in all, he has dedicated thirty-five of his compositions to women. A perfect shower, a sparkling stream of compositions was evolved from the inspired mind of Schumann about the time he was married to Clara Wieck; and Chopin, too, was ever most profuse in his compositions at the times when he was most profoundly impressed with the charms of some fair friend. The influence exercised by a loving wife over Weber and Mendelssohn is well known, and shows how successfully a woman can labor in behalf of music, even if she should never sing nor play nor compose.

As a musical critic, on the whole, women cannot, I think, be considered successful for the reasons given already with regard to their want of success as composers; although, as has been said, women feel intuitively the power of music, and are deeply affected by its appeals to the emotions, they are frequently led astray in their judgments, because they are more easily impressed than men in favor of, or against a certain artist or his work. A woman does not deliberately approve of or condemn a composition or its performance without a good reason for doing so; but this reason, though generally quite satisfactory and sufficient to herself, is frequently apparent to no one else, and, consequently, her criticism, though always a model of candor, must often yield to the more deliberate judgment of men. Instances prove, however, that, even as a musical critic, woman has at times been successful.

In conclusion one may venture on the delicate task of giving a few words of advice to mothers—American mothers, especially. While they strive so nobly to awaken and develop the musical faculties of their daughters, they should not neglect their sons. They should not allow them to grow up with the notion that girls are taught music simply to increase their prospects of capturing a desirable husband in God's appointed time. Many young men, and old ones too, who live in a more or less circumscribed sphere, seem to be afraid that they might jeopardize their manly dignity were they to study thoroughly the art of music, while, strange as it may seem, they will not hesitate to maltreat a piano, whenever one comes within reach, or to make the night hideous with their unmelodious attempts at a serenade. If our boys were instructed in music as generally and thoroughly as our girls are, there would soon be less of that bold, presumptuous, and overbearing spirit which they so frequently manifest. Boys would grow to be more manly because their culture would be more harmonious, and because many of the jarring discords from without would be dispelled by the concords from within. In my extensive experience with boy-choirs I have often observed how choristers, after they have been in a well disciplined and welltrained choir for some time, become more gentle, more gentlemanly and refined in their manners and habits, and, at the same time, more industrious, enterprising, and truly courageous. It is in the power of women to control the tendencies of children. They can either nourish and strengthen the awakening love for music, or strangle this divinely bestowed gift before it has yet had time to assert itself. I do not doubt that the time will come when the world shall behold female composers who can boldly challenge a Bach, a Beethoven, or a Wagner; but the time is yet distant, and it can be brought near, chiefly through a continued effort to make the world more and more musical by cultivating the tastes not alone of our daughters, but of our sons as well.

T. L. KREBS.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN FORTY YEARS AFTER.¹

FULL four decades have passed since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared. It was originally written for the *National Era*, a newspaper, published at Washington in the interests of the Abolitionists—then an insignificant factor in the politics of the country. As it issued from the press in weekly numbers, an enterprising bookseller in Boston set his eye upon it, made application to the author to be allowed to put it out in book form, and was granted the franchise. As the story progressed he became alarmed, expressing his fear to the author that she was making the story too long for publication. He reminded her that the subject was unpopular, and that people would not willingly stand much of it. He showed the usual sagacity of his craft by venturing the opinion that "one short volume might possibly sell, but if it grew to two it might prove a fatal obstacle to its success." Mrs. Stowe, who felt herself absolutely possessed of her own creation, replied that "she did not make the story, but the story made itself, and she could not stop till it was done." In the account of the production of the story by the author, she represents herself as in a state of almost total collapse as she neared the end; and a feeling of profound discouragement came over her lest, after all, it should prove a failure.

The book appeared the 20th of March, 1852. The public caught it up, and in a few days ten thousand copies were in the hands of eager readers. Before the year was out, three hundred thousand copies had been sold. Eight power presses, running day and night, could hardly keep up with the demand. Its success in England was of the same character. Twelve entirely independent editions appeared

¹*Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe (Brunswick Edition.) Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893. 16 mo., pp. viii, 566.

in the first year; eighteen different houses in London were engaged in handling it; and, within a few years, one and a half million copies had been sold in England and her colonies alone. It passed into all lands, being translated with astonishing rapidity, until now there is scarce a language under heaven in which the pathetic story of poor Tom may not be read. Nor is this all. The story is just as fresh and thrilling to-day as it was while the crash and agony of the contest over American slavery was at its height. Presses in every land still whirl and clash in response to the demand for additional copies; and this will continue on down through the ages. At the beginning, it was undoubtedly given a factitious popularity by the tremendous social and political issue then pending in this country; but the spontaneous and enthusiastic commendations given it by those beyond seas, and so, not immediately under the excitement of the slavery question with which it dealt—such as Macaulay, Dickens, Archbishop Whately, and Kingsley in England—George Sand and Heinrich Heine, on the continent—proved that there was something in the book which raised it far above the local issue that gave it birth. Time has proved that it is just as fascinating to the far-off Siamese and Sandwich Islanders, as to the refined and fastidious readers of Berlin and Paris. The truth is that if there had not been a slave in America, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have taken hold upon the hearts of men, and moved them to indignation just as it did with the case as it stood; and thus it is that, with the slavery issue long since dead, it has as many readers as ever. There are many books written with a mere local aim, which have risen on their merits above the causes that gave them birth; but of all these, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is easily the most conspicuous case of a work written for purely local ends, outliving the reason of its creation and becoming an enduring fact in the world's literature. This is because it is a great book—great as a work of art, losing nothing by the total disappearance of the factitious environment which was the sole motive of its production.

Of course the book was intended to be read with the heart, and it is so read by all except the cool and callous critic. The intense pathos of the story drives all thought of the manner and method of the telling out of sight; but if these had not been of a high order, the book would never have passed into a classic. It is indisputably faulty, showing a lack of elegance at all points, and too surely telling of its New England origin by numerous solecisms peculiar to that part of the world; but at the same time, it displays consummate art in its structure, and is full of dramatic power.

The effect of the book in the direction intended by the author, was all and more than she could have foreseen in her wildest dreams. It was read with the deepest emotion by everybody in the North, and multitudes who had never given any serious thought to the fact of negro slavery in the South, found themselves in a state of violent indignation and horror. It was just at this time that Congress was in bitter contest over the question of slavery in the Territories, the South foreseeing that if there were to be no more slave States added to the Union with the spread westward, she could have no hope of sustaining herself in the National Legislature. The Abolitionists proper were still an insignificant factor in politics; for it was universally conceded that the Constitution specifically recognized and fully protected the South in her enjoyment of her peculiar property. That instrument was held to be inviolable; and in the minds of an overwhelming majority of the people in the North, abolitionism was synonymous with fanaticism. In the words of Mrs. Stowe, at that time the "Abolitionists were a small, despised, and unfashionable band."

It was this spirit of acquiescence in the provisions of the Constitution which moved Mrs. Stowe to a state of sublime indignation. What was the Constitution to her woman's heart? She did what most women are wont to do—she took counsel of her emotions—she translated herself in fancy to the cotton-fields of the South as a slave, and then

interrogated herself as to how she felt. She did not reflect that in the put-yourself-in-his-place method of testing a state of case, it is clearly implied that it shall be—not *you*, any longer, in the new place, but—*he* as he is, who is to feel. In her transmigration she carried with her all her intellectual vigor—all of her refined sensibilities and rugged New England love of freedom; and the supposititious personality of the cotton-field was no longer poor Sambo, but the high-strung, highly cultured Mrs. Stowe. It is not wonderful that she did not like her hypothetical situation; nor that she should feel an intense desire to tear into shreds any instrument which kept her there. Thus it was that her war, as she herself confesses, was upon the Constitution from the beginning. In her account of how her book came to be written, she says: "With astonishment and distress, Mrs. Stowe heard on all sides, from humane and Christian people, that the slavery of the blacks was a guaranteed constitutional right, and that all opposition to it endangered the national Union." She saw, with deep concern, that "even earnest and tender-hearted Christian people" seemed to feel it their duty to respect the rights of the South, under the Constitution, even to the extent of assisting "slave-owners to recover fugitives in Northern States. She said to herself, these people cannot know what slavery is," and hence arose her purpose to write some sketches to show them what slavery was. *Uncle Tom* was the result. In it there was no question about Territories. Her aim was of the root-and-branch order;—the total overthrow of slavery where it was. The effect of the book was, of course, to increase the bitterness against the South; and although it was perfectly clear to all, that the Federal Government had absolutely no power over the question of slavery in a State, it blew up the flame of feeling on the subject of slavery in the public domain, and did more than any other one thing to destroy the last hope of a peaceful solution. It directed the attack upon the Constitution; and, although the Republican party, even to the end, disclaimed any purpose or power

to touch slavery in the States, it was a great factor in fomenting the dread conflict between the States, and in preparing the sentiment of the North to sustain the war measure of Mr. Lincoln, who, on his own sole responsibility, drove a coach and four through the Constitution, and gave freedom to every slave in the South by an arbitrary act.

The reception of *Uncle Tom* in the South was naturally quite different. Of course it was read by one here and there, but it is quite unusual, even now, to find a Southern-born man or woman, who has read it. When the question is asked, the reply as a rule is, "No, I never expect to read it." The conviction was that it was full of all manner of slanders and false statements about the South, and the feeling still prevails. Now, while this is true as to its animus, perhaps the most remarkable thing about this most remarkable book is that, when rightly read, the very citadel and ground of defence of the Southern people is to be found in the pages of this true story of the not uncommon character, Uncle Tom. He was all he was, by virtue of his condition as a slave. Mrs. Stowe had lived in Kentucky and knew whereof she wrote; and it must be freely admitted that her story has the rare quality in a partisan work of being perfectly true in its statements and delineations, with little coloring that is not allowable to the novelist. She saw and fully appreciated—seems almost to delight in the fairer side of domestic servitude. She says: "Whoever visits some estates there [Kentucky] and witnesses the good-humored indulgences of some masters and mistresses, and the affectionate loyalty of some slaves, might be tempted to dream the oft-fabled poetic legend of a patriarchal institution, and all that; but" (and here lies the point and burden of her contention, from start to finish,) "over and above the scene there broods a portentous shadow, the shadow of the law. So long as the law considers all these human beings, with beating hearts and living affections, only as so many *things* belonging to a master,—so long as the failure, or misfortune, or imprudence, or death of the kindest owner, may cause

them any day to exchange a life of the kindest protection and indulgence for one of hopeless misery and toil,—so long it is impossible to make anything beautiful or desirable in the best regulated administration of slavery.”

She proceeds to set before the reader the charming household, free-handed, kind and hospitable, to which Uncle Tom belonged. She introduces us to the happy cabin of Uncle Tom and to the light-hearted and grotesque humor of the blacks, to the affectionate and familiar relations between the white household and the slaves, to the lovely, accomplished, and tender-hearted Mrs. Shelby, and to dear old Aunt Chloe. It is a singularly felicitous and typical picture of a Southern household, not in Kentucky alone, but everywhere; even in the “down river” country of which she gives the reader such a horror. She had never lived in the cotton States; but the only family in Louisiana to which she introduces us, except, indeed, the confessedly exceptional one which she selects to show the wretched possibilities of slavery, is equally delightful. It is true that in this she makes the mistress a whining, narrow-minded, selfish creature; but it is hardly to be presumed that she expects the reader to think that that type of her sex is confined to the South. The fact is that the overwhelming majority of the households in the South were fairly typified by the Shelby family in Kentucky. If the reader wants an actual household instead of Mrs. Stowe’s fiction, he has only to read Mrs. Smedes’ faithful account of her father’s plantation in the *Recollections of a Southern Planter*. He lived in the “down river” country, too, and although there are not many Mr. Dabneys born into the world, he was in no wise an exception, apart from his individual excellences.

This is so well known by everybody in the South whose experiences reach back thirty years, that some apology is needed for dwelling upon it at all; but it may be well to go a little further and say something with regard to what were called the “field hands,” especially for the benefit of the younger generation. The almost unbroken rule was

that each negro family had a "patch," which they were at liberty to cultivate for their own benefit. On the larger plantations the general rule was that the heavier work was done by task-work, as, for example, in cotton-picking, so many pounds of raw cotton—according to the class of the hand—and after this had been done he was free; or, if he chose to do additional work, he was paid for it as overwork. These tasks were not excessive, for the obvious reason, if for no other, that it would have been bad policy. The negroes raised a good deal of garden stuff, poultry, and eggs, which they sold for their own benefit, or added to their own food supply from the plantation stores. Their clothing, of course, was supplied, and so they were relieved, as far as the actual necessities of life were concerned, of all anxiety and care. In sickness they were attended by the master—more often by the mistress—or by paid physicians. Apart from the demands of mercy and natural affection, (and of affection there was far more than one who never had the opportunity to observe would think possible,) there was a direct personal benefit to the owner in the good health, general welfare, and cheerful bearing of his slaves. Besides this, there were laws in every State holding masters to a strict account for cruelty, neglect, or ill treatment of any sort. But there was that which was stronger than law—there was a universal sentiment among planters which would not tolerate a cruel master.

Thus it was that the blacks had full reason to be contented and happy; and happy they undoubtedly were. No class of laborers on the face of the earth were, as a class, so free from care and so moderately tasked. They showed it in spirit and action, in their light-hearted merry-making, their songs and dances, in their love and devotion to their "white folks." The irrefutable proof of this is that, when they had the fullest opportunity to escape from bondage, without the slightest risk, they did not do it, except in rare instances. There were many negroes with the armies as servants, and, in most cases, they could have passed over to

the other side without risk. They may have done so, now and then, but the writer, who had opportunity to observe, never heard of one. He had repeated opportunities, also, to witness the conduct of the blacks upon the approach of the enemy, when nothing would have been easier than for them to desert. It was touching to witness their fidelity. Their good-will and eagerness to get themselves, the stock, and all valuables, out of reach of the Federal army was hearty and conspicuous. Again, if the slaves had felt themselves oppressed and ill-treated, it would have been impossible for the non-slaveholding whites (of whom there were something like ten, to one slave-owner,) not to have known it, and equally impossible for at least large numbers of them not to have sympathized with the blacks in their distress. But the indisputable fact was that this class were substantially solid in their support of slavery. So it was with the free negroes of the South. The writer was actually urged by the freedmen of Mobile to organize them into a battalion to take the field in the Confederate cause.

But the crowning evidence of the kindly feeling between the races is to be seen in the conduct of the blacks during the actual progress of the war. There never was any hesitancy in talking freely before and to them about the war and its causes. They knew perfectly that the conflict was about them, and that the success of the Federal arms meant their freedom. There were large areas in the extreme Southern States from which nearly every able-bodied white man had gone to the scene of war, leaving the old men and the women and children entirely in the hands of the slaves. It was not at all unusual for the managers of plantations to be blacks, with not a white man at hand. They knew, too, that the food supply of the armies depended upon them. There never was an attempt at insurrection; there were no individual acts of violence in any degree traceable to the slavery issue, and there was no falling off in crops on account of diminished effort. If there had been discontent and bad feeling, this could not have been. Further than this, the

men in the army who had left their wives and families in the hands of their negroes never had a thought of danger, which could not have been the case had they not known the kindly feeling reciprocally subsisting between the whites and the blacks. And finally, when Mr. Lincoln tremblingly put forth his Emancipation Proclamation, thinking that it would prove a crushing blow to the Southern side, the effect was in no wise greater, as a war measure, than that of the famous Bull against the comet. The English press cried out in horror at what it supposed would be the effect, and its author had suffered great searchings of heart, but it proved to be as innocuous as the fall of a leaf. The war was not shortened one hour in consequence. Its author did not dream—the world could not believe, what everybody in the South knew, touching the natural trust and affection subsisting between the two races. The South was too full of George Shelys and Eva St. Clares who loved, and were adored by their black mammies—too full of Uncle Toms and black Topsys, with hearts loyal to their “white folks,” for rapine and murder to spring up in response to a gift which they did not understand or desire. Freedom, for Mrs. Stowe, had a vivid and sacred meaning—to Sambo it was hazy and far off. Mrs. Stowe’s whole soul writhed with a sense of humility and degradation at the thought of personal bondage—the blacks in the South could not have understood what was the matter with her. And thus it was that Mr. Lincoln’s proclamation was but as the fuse to an uncharged mine.

Mrs. Stowe paints the fairer side of slavery in colors of full tint. She enters into, and seems to enjoy, the light-heartedness and humor of the domestic life of the blacks, and makes it stand out before the reader with a master touch. She tells us that she did this of set purpose, to “light up the darkness by humorous and grotesque episodes, and the presentation of the milder and more amusing phases of slavery,” so that people would read it. This was an artistic insight; and the success of the book is due to just this

masterly delineation of the sunny side of the old Southern life. Nothing is more remarkable than Mrs. Stowe's candor at all points. She had the sagacity to see, and the honesty to admit, that corporal punishment was necessary in the management of the blacks. Miss Ophelia—a spinster and a typical native of Vermont—who speaks for the author throughout the book, having come to New Orleans on the invitation of St. Clare, a *laissez-faire* slaveholder, is actually brought to use the lash with her own hand. St. Clare had turned over Topsy (and those who do not know Topsy have something to learn,) to her sole management, and she had a hard time with her charge.

"'Topsy!' she would say, when at the end of all patience, 'what does make you act so?'

"'Dunno, Missis—I 'spects 'cause I's so wicked!'

"'I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy.'

"'Law, Missis, you must whip me; my old Missis allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unless I gits whipped.'

"'Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you've a mind to; what is the reason you won't?'

"'Why, Missis, I's used to whippin'; I spects it's good for me.'

"Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring; though half an hour afterwards, when roosted on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of admiring 'young uns,' she would express the utmost contempt for the whole affair.

"'Law, Miss Feely whip!—wouldn't kill a skeeter, her whippin's. Oughter see how old Mas'r made the flesh fly; old Mas'r knowed how! . . . Law, you niggers, . . . does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is,—everybody is. White folks is sinners, too—Miss Feely says so; but I spects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor! ye an't any on you up to me. I used to keep old Missis a-swarin' at me half de time. I spects I's the wickedest crittur in de world.'"

But although Mrs. Stowe recognized the kind and even

affectionate relationship between the whites and the blacks, she evidently could never get herself up to the point of understanding how it could be. She believed in it, in the abstract, but practically she felt ill whenever the blacks came too near her. Miss Ophelia, whom one cannot but think of as Mrs. Stowe's sister, an excellent and kind-hearted woman, is very much astonished at certain affectionate demonstrations between the whites and blacks when she arrives in New Orleans with her cousin and little Eva.

"'Oh, there's mammy!' said Eva, as she flew across the room; and, throwing herself into her arms she kissed her repeatedly." The old mammy "hugged her, and laughed, and cried, till her sanity was a thing to be doubted of; and when released from her, Eva flew from one to another, shaking hands and kissing, in a way that Miss Ophelia afterwards declared fairly turned her stomach.

"'Well,' said Miss Ophelia, 'you Southern children can do something that I couldn't.'

"'What now, pray?' said St. Clare. . . .

"'Well, I want to be kind to everybody, and I wouldn't have anything hurt; but as to kissing—'

"'Niggers,' said St. Clare, 'that you are not up to,—hey?'

"'Yes, that's it. How can she?'

"'Why not?' said St. Clare." . . .

"'Why, I don't know; it seems so dreadful.'

"'You would think no harm in a child's caressing a large dog, even if he was black; but a creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at; confess it, cousin. I know the feeling among some of you Northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but custom with us does what Christianity ought to do,—obliterates the feeling of personal prejudice. I have often noticed in my travels North, how much stronger this was with you than with us. You loathe them as you would a snake or a toad, yet you are indignant at their wrongs. You would not have them abused; but you don't want to have anything to do with them yourselves. You

would send them to Africa, out of your sight and smell, and then send a missionary or two to do up all the self-denial of elevating them compendiously. Isn't that it?"

"'Well, cousin,' said Miss Ophelia, thoughtfully, 'there may be some truth in this.'"

When, further on, Eva tells Topsy that Miss Ophelia would love her if she were good, Topsy gives a short, blunt laugh of incredulity; and Eva says:

"'Don't you think so?"

"'No; she can't bar me, 'cause I's a nigger! She'd 's soon have a toad [Topsy probably said 'frog'] touch her.'"

And when St. Clare tells his cousin how his mother used to remind him that if we want to give sight to the blind we must be willing to do as Christ did, call them to us and put our hands on them, Miss Ophelia confesses:

"'I've always had a prejudice against negroes, and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it.'"

The difference is this; those who have never lived with the blacks, hold, theoretically, that there ought to be no difference between black and white, and practically make an enormous difference; Southern people holding that there is the greatest possible difference, in practice and upon proper occasion, make none at all.

And now let us glance at the horror side of the picture as set forth by Mrs. Stowe. In the first place, she evidently felt that she must not use decent people as instruments to portray the possibilities of cruelty and hardship to slaves, and accordingly she uses only unmitigated brute-whites to make her points. She begins with the slave-trader, Haley. She implies throughout that he is despised by all decent people—that his business is one which is abhorred by high and low alike. Under circumstances, sufficiently plausible for the novelist, but quite improbable in fact, she makes the weak Shelby sell Uncle Tom to Haley, and Haley carries him to New Orleans, with some scenes on the way of unusual brutality. He is bought by the generous,

but soft and nonchalant St. Clare, through the influence of little Eva. He finds himself in a delightful home, with far less to do, and in the midst of hearts just as kind as those he had left in Kentucky.

To heighten the crisis, Mrs. Stowe shows us St. Clare on the point of giving poor Tom his free papers, when he is accidentally shot. The household passes into the hands of the peevish, narrow-minded, selfish Marie, St. Clare's wife, who shortly after sends a lot of servants to the auction-rooms—(a most improbable course with trained servants, who could always be disposed of to a better advantage by private arrangement)—and Uncle Tom passes into the hands of one Legree—a seafaring man from New England, who, having knocked down his mother as she was kneeling at his feet, beseeching him to lead a better life, cursed her roundly while she lay senseless on the floor, and fled to his ship, sailing forth to practise the gentle ways of a West India pirate. This monster, held up by the restraints of no neighbors or on-lookers, Mrs. Stowe makes the happy owner of a plantation upon Red River, ten miles away from anybody, and here it is that she enacts her crowning tragedy. Legree makes the black fiends, whom he has trained, whip Tom in order to make him tell what he knows about the escape of two women, and carries it too far. Tom dies under it. It is not wonderful that the author was overcome by her own emotions after she had wrought the infernal scenes on that plantation. It is, of course, within the limits of possibility that such a diabolical tragedy may have happened, but it required a fiend who had not been raised among negroes, and with a heart black enough to cuff a tender mother, who was on her knees out of love for him, to play the leading part. It was possible; and so was the abominable status of the women on that plantation, and in the other scenes of milder type in the book, but so was that scene up in New England, and so are the scenes brought to light day after day all over the world, of wife-torture and child-beating. Laws!—what can they do? Legree

was violating the law in Louisiana just as much as he was on the Spanish main and in the prudent North.

The day is far distant when such things will not be done, and alas! the abolition of slavery has not put an end to them in the South. The whole book is a *non sequitur*, though it requires a cool head not to be carried away by its pathos. Put into syllogistic-form, it would run :

The possibility of brutality under any institution is sufficient cause for its abolition :

Slavery is such an institution :

Therefore it ought to be abolished.

The fallacy lies in the major premise.

Brutality has existed and still exists in the Church and in government ; but most people at least, do not think that they ought to be abolished. Try it with the institution of matrimony. Compare the possibilities of cruelty under slavery with actual outrages in family life!—but ought matrimony, therefore, to be abolished? Some people think so. Read Tolstoi's ; *Kreutzer Sonata*, for example.

Mrs. Stowe recognized the fact that the only difference between people in the North and those in the South was that of environment ; and that wherever a man might come from, a residence among the blacks soon brought him to think with the prevailing sentiment. She seems also to have felt that men brought up with the negroes were not the persons to expect the highest type of cruelty from. She makes St. Clare say to Miss Ophelia, in one of their many talks on the subject of slavery :

“ ‘My father, you know, came first from New England ; and he was just such another man as your father,—a regular old Roman—upright, energetic, noble-minded, with an iron will. Your father settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature ; and mine settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and force existence out of them.’ ”

Then having paid a beautiful tribute to his mother, he continues :

“‘Well, my father worked some five hundred negroes ; he was an inflexible, driving, punctilious business man ; everything was to move by system—to be sustained with unflinching accuracy and precision. Now if you take into account that all this was to be worked out by a set of lazy, twaddling, shiftless laborers, who had grown up, all their lives, in the absence of every possible motive to learn how to do anything but ‘shirk,’ as you Vermonters say, you’ll see that there might naturally be, on his plantation, a great many things that looked horrible and distressing to a sensitive child like me.

“‘Besides all, he had an overseer,—a great, tall, slab-sided, two-fisted renegade son of Vermont (begging your pardon), who had gone through a regular apprenticeship in hardness and brutality, and taken his degree to be admitted to practice. My mother could never endure him, nor I, but he obtained an entire ascendancy over my father ; and this man was the absolute despot of the estate. . . . Your father . . . settles in Vermont, in a town where all are, in fact, free and equal, becomes a regular church-member and deacon, and in due time joins an Abolition society, and thinks us all little better than heathens. Yet he is, for all the world, in constitution and habit, a duplicate of my father. . . . If both had owned plantations in Louisiana, they would have been as like as two old bullets cast in the same mould.’ ”

There is genuine candor in all this on Mrs. Stowe’s part. She makes St. Clare say, with her evident approval :

“‘In those days [when he was a boy] this matter of slavery had never been canvassed as it has now ; nobody dreamed of any harm in it.’ ”

Mrs. Stowe was especially incited to write her book by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and she gives us a graphic picture of the underground railroad for helping slaves to escape to Canada. Of course this was all in violation of law, and many of the State governments even had set the Federal law at defiance with a high hand, in so far nullifying the Federal Constitution. This

was in the spirit of what Mr. Seward said not long after, from the steps of Faneuil Hall, about the "higher law." But time rolled on, and the horror and indignation of millions at a state of case which had no truth except in their fevered imaginations, had overthrown slavery, and overthrown the whites with it. In the train of the wreckage, there had come upon the South a threat of and, in many cases, the actual domination of the whites by the blacks through the elective franchise bestowed upon the latter. The property, the lives, the very possibility of existence were in the balance. If there ever was a case where an appeal to the higher law was justifiable it was then. It had been a resort to the higher law on the part of the Abolitionists, by even such cool-headed men as William H. Seward, and that for a mere ill-founded sentiment, which had nullified the Constitution in the North with respect to property in slaves; and now the higher law, indeed the law of desperation and necessity, presented itself, and the newly bestowed franchise proved to be of small value. For a time, in certain quarters, an abnormal state, sustained by the bayonet, obtained,—the African dominated the Caucasian;—but, as water put on top of oil will not stay there, so the higher laws of nature prevailed and the white blood worked its way to the top. Is there any fair-minded man who does not see that it had to be so, and that it has the apology of necessity?

And now, in the light of forty years' practical experience, we may ask what has been the result of this work of honest fanaticism? The slaves are free—if that can be called freedom which they now enjoy. Are they happier? Well, it is hard to define what happiness is. Few of them would go back into their old state, and all would now be very unhappy if they could be remanded to it; but, as a rule, those negroes who are old enough to have experiences worth remembering, do not hesitate to declare that the state of bondage was far happier. The air and manner of most of them are sadly changed for the worse. That free and open cheerful-

ness, ready to burst out into peals of laughter, the prompt and respectful bow, the song and dance, the jollity at Christmas, and the expression of love and loyalty to the white people, are in large degree gone. Surliness and reserve have taken their place. Crimes have become ten-fold more numerous, and some, never heard of in old times, have become common. No; if happiness were the end and object of life, the negroes in the South could not be said to have gained by the change. But blessedness, not happiness, is the true end; and the new condition has thrust enormously more responsibility upon them, and, it may be that, in consequence, they may in time rise to higher things than now obtain; but it may well be questioned if the new state will ever match the Christian fidelity of Uncle Tom, the faithful tenderness of Aunt Chloe, and the patience and love of Eva's mammy. Shades of the sweet and peaceful Southern home of older days! Gone from the face of the earth forever! The price of progress is at the cost of bleeding hearts. Bleeding hearts!—has Mrs. Stowe ever tried to think what her book has been a chief factor of bringing upon the world? Has she ever tried to weigh the occasional and rare horrors of the old slave days, hard as they were, against the agonies of the million of brave men mutilated and done to death in the ranks of the blue and gray? Has she ever reflected upon the ten—the twenty millions of wives and mothers, sweethearts and daughters, whose hearts have been torn up by the roots at the wild slaughter between brothers? Truly the indulgence of sentiment is costly.

With the whites in the South the gain is beyond reckoning. It is they who have been freed, and the glory and power which has come, and is coming to them by their relief from the burden of slavery, is, perhaps, the chief result in the mysterious workings of Providence.

FRANCIS A. SHOUP.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE ONCE MORE.

IN an article which appeared in a recent number (February, 1892) of this REVIEW, I confined myself principally to a negative criticism of the modes of English study prevalent in the leading universities of the United States. My intention was to show wherein they fell short. There was no specific endeavor to point out a method by the adoption of which their alleged imperfections would disappear; it was rather contended that the reform must come slowly and after due deliberation. I felt, however, that it might be urged, with some pretense of reason and equity, not only that strictures so comprehensive in their character should be sustained by the citation of concrete proofs, but that, at least an attempt should be made to discover and present for consideration a more excellent method. The special, although not the exclusive aim of the present paper is to set forth clearly and concisely the course of instruction in English to which I am wont to adhere. I am very far from asserting for it any supreme excellence, or from denying its amenability to judicious and discerning criticism. I propose it merely as a movement in the direction of advance, a conscious groping after that ideal, which, though it be very far from every one of us, is nevertheless abiding as a force and inspiration in the conceptions of those who have not descended to the plane of a hopeless empiricism.

In the College of Charleston, the course in English extends through the first three years of the collegiate life. In this department there is no election until the senior year is reached, and even in this closing period a very small proportion of students avail themselves of their elective privileges to the exclusion of the mother tongue. Practically, it is maintained during the four continuous years embraced within the curriculum. The average age

of our freshmen is about sixteen; they are marked by that crudity of development which characterizes the class the world over. So far as their acquaintance with their native speech is concerned, it is crass and mechanical. Even to hope that it may be otherwise is unreasonable, perhaps visionary, when we regard the existing condition of secondary education in the Southern States. The first five months or half year's work of the freshman class is principally a process of disenchantment or disillusionment, assuming as its tangible or objective form a diligent and exacting review of the grammar of our language. I use Meiklejohn's text as a basis, amplifying and expanding at every point in the development of the subject. An earnest endeavor is made to introduce the student to an acquaintance with the historical life of the language as embodied in our homely and familiar idioms, our manly and vigorous phraseology. If it be not empirical knowledge that is imparted, it is haply a feeling after it which may ripen under auspicious guidance. The subject of strong and weak verbs—the origin of such antique idioms as “the more the merrier,” “methinks,” “me listed,” “had rather,” “had as lief,” “woe worth,”—are diligently dwelt upon from the beginning. The process is painful, both in the ancient and the modern acceptation of the word, as in reference to all such points as those enumerated, the normal freshman has been thoroughly rooted and grounded in error. But after five months of intense and unrelaxing toil, he begins to grasp philological verities, although he sees them as through a glass darkly. To have reached the plane at which he becomes conscious that the light which was in him was darkness, is no humble or inconsiderable achievement.

In the second half of the freshman year, the classes are introduced to the systematic study of the history of the language, together with the literature as outlined in Meiklejohn's manual, the work being elaborated by ample comments and illustrations at every stage in the development of the subject. The origin and growth of our tongue is traced

from the occupation of the British Islands by men of Teutonic blood, its blooming into a classic norm in the East Midland dialect, under the supreme inspiration of Chaucer, his differentiating power as exhibited in the adjustment of its home-born and its Romance resources, the gathering up of our versatile vocabulary, the Renaissance, the rise of Elizabethan English, the transition to our Augustan day, the creative power that reappeared in the time of the later Georges, the subtle psychology of Browning, and the consummate art of our dead Laureate—all that is suggested by these broad themes is, as far as possible, minutely considered and patiently set forth. The most fastidious criticism cannot allege that the philological characteristics of our speech are ignored or subordinated in such a scheme of instruction properly applied, especially when due regard is had to historic method and comparative process, both of which are of the essence of a rational and catholic philology.

From the first, however, there is a vigorous endeavor to blend the linguistic and the æsthetic discipline, that they may stimulate as well as interpret each the other. In my preceding article I strove to point out the gratifying facility with which this result may be attained, and to emphasize the truth, so often overlooked, that no field is richer in all the elements of philological culture than the broad domain of English poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson. The systematic reading of the English classics begins in the sophomore year, and is rigidly continued until the close of the collegiate life. Hales' "Longer English Poems," as well as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," form an admirable introduction to the "English Poets," edited by Ward, with its discriminating and finely-balanced comments and annotations. For the specific ends of reference and elaboration, Minto, Gosse, Saintsbury, Matthew Arnold, and Mark Pattison, are always available and always suggestive. My principal study is with the *dii majores* of our literature, who are read in detail, and with a degree of minute exegesis scarcely surpassed, I think, in the elucidation of the ancient authors cus-

tomary in our larger universities. The writers usually chosen are Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Spenser, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Scott, Macaulay, Thackeray, Browning, and Tennyson. My present senior class have read, since the beginning of the sophomore year, seven plays of Shakspeare, The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, The Knight's Tale, Milton's Lycidas, Dryden's Ode in Memory of Mrs. Killegrew, Gray's Ode on The Progress of Poesy, many of the nobler creations of Keats, Scott, and Wordsworth, many of the minor poems of Tennyson and Browning, such as The Palace of Art, A Dream of Fair Women, Ulysses, Locksley Hall, The Lost Leader, Rabbi Ben Ezra, My Last Duchess, The Bishop Orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church, Old Pictures in Florence, Abt Vogler; and have made an exact, critical study of "In Memoriam." The literary essays that are set, demand much reading apart from the prescribed class exercises, and this work has been based principally upon the masters of prose form, in fiction and in historic narrative, such as Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Blackmore, and Thomas Hardy. The results accomplished by the practical application of this method have, in the greater number of instances, surpassed my most sanguine hopes.

In my former article I referred to the grave defects in the teaching of English literature that mark our six or seven principal universities—defects not of omission, or mere negation, but such as are specifically and aggressively positive in their character. Notable among them are the morbid idiosyncrasies, the inexplicable whimsies, which pervade much of the instruction in those renowned shrines of American culture that acknowledge the existence and concede the claims of the native literature. My proofs and citations are drawn from the official publications of these institutions, and their accuracy may be confirmed by reference to the authoritative sources from which they are derived. Conceive of an American university, whose honor's crown of honor is

the impulse it has communicated to creative activity in the supreme ranges of pure science, in whose programme of English literature it is possible to perceive that the Scottish poets of the XVth century occupy a distinctive and conspicuous place, that Fletcher's "Purple Island" has been made the *corpus vile* of a minute literary dissection, and that in a series of discourses delivered some years ago by a non-resident lecturer, Richard Steele was discussed in his several phases as son, husband, and father. Surely a puling sentimentality, a ruthless resurrection of forgotten writers whose dreamless sleep it is akin to sacrilege to invade, are "the *do* all and the end all here." It is scarcely discourteous, and it is assuredly not untruthful to affirm that a scheme of instruction organized and applied in harmony with the principles that seem to obtain in this leading university, is not only beneath the dignity of scientific criticism, but scarcely deserving of rational and discriminating contempt. That young men whom nature has endowed with literary potentialities of no inferior order, who ask nothing save the guiding hand and the inspiration of sympathy, turn in hopelessness from these travesties, these *simulacra* of culture, is by no means an illogical or an unnatural result.

The tone and caste of literary acquirement, so far as it can be affirmed to exist in our contemporaneous society, is marked by the impress of the same morbid traits that distinguish the teaching of many of our American universities. The systematic study of the master lights is obsolescent. Who now *reads* Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, with genuine and hearty appreciation? If one is asked for the authorship of a quotation, in eight out of ten instances it is from some one of those didactic and prosaic mediocrities so native to our literature, in whom one can have no interest, and for whom one cannot generate by any sane process the mildest flavor of enthusiasm. But even among professional teachers of literature, are there ten who have made a philosophic and comparative study of "In Memoriam," who

have traced the evolution of the elegy in English verse, or have even followed the origin and expansion of the "In Memoriam" stanza through the several phases of its growth in our language, from the elegies in honor of Sir Philip Sidney, the "Underwoods" of Ben Jonson, the lyrics of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Dr. Donne, until its matured splendor was attained in the Laureate's masterpiece? Yet investigations similar to these logically form part of any philosophic system of literary study, such as a progressive university, penetrated by the vital breath of the modern spirit, is supposed to place before its students. But there are few universities in America that have attained the standard which is implied by these moderate and rational requirements. Is literary insight to be clarified or literary vision broadened by those enervating processes which wreak the energies of the aspiring student upon the tedious performances in verse of the XVth century, or the tame and pedantic allegories that span the first half of the XVIIth century? Are Dunbar and Douglas and Phineas Fletcher among the prophets? To what nobler or loftier faculties do they appeal, or what more manly intellectual forces do they quicken than a morbid dilettanteism, a diseased antiquarianism, in either case a temperament at the opposite pole of contrast to that which forms the richly-nurtured and finely-blended character of the ideal literary scholar? Strangely anomalous and paradoxical it is that the conditions here described should be impressed upon an academic age, which has abounded above all others in copious editions sustained by an elaborate critical machinery and philological apparatus. The fate of the mediæval texts of Aristotle has fallen upon our modern masters; they have been buried beneath the strata of accumulating and superimposed comments. The vast Talmud of recondite allusion, tortured didactic exegesis, remote and impossible suggestions, undreamed of prototypes, have shrouded from our vision the true Chaucer and Shakspeare, and veiled their illuminating, idealizing power. As tradition reports of the knight in the

mediæval romance, they have been borne down and laid prostrate by the overwhelming pressure of their own armor.

While I am discussing so comprehensive a subject as the teaching of literature, I do not deem it irrelevant to direct attention to a species of error which I regard as thoroughly insidious and dangerous. I refer to the method of illustration, both in grammar and in literature, known as the diagram, which seems to possess a peculiar, if not an irresistible fascination for minds constructed upon mechanical or empirical principles. The diagram method is by no means a novelty. Many years ago it found its way into our elementary grammars and attained a wide-spread recognition, under the auspices of the series prepared and edited by Reed and Kellogg. In our common-school instruction, both North and South, it speedily acquired popularity and prevalence, and, in some normal institutions of which I have personal knowledge, it was deemed gross heresy to intimate distrust as to its perfection or to suggest a doubt as to its excellence. From the lower spheres of common-school or elementary instruction this gross form of empiricism, by the natural law of ascent and development, has begun to manifest itself in our collegiate and university teaching of English literature. In a work devoted to this subject, prepared by Professor Renton, of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, forming one of the manuals edited by Professor Knight and adapted especially to the scheme of University Extension, the mode of diagraming is fully recognized and thoroughly established. I cannot refrain from an expression of surprise that the author of so philosophical a treatise as the "Logic of Style" should be willing to mar a volume which is not devoid of commendable and admirable characteristics by the introduction of a system that is scarcely worthy of tolerance as a feature of the hopeless mechanism which pervades our primary and secondary schools. If literature and language were purely empirical products, if the spiritual and æsthetic elements could by any possibility be eliminated, then the introduction of the diagram might not be irrational

or illogical. The whole system is merely one phase of that mania for pictorial illustration which marks our lighter literature in all its forms, and sometimes invades even the nobler and higher types. The conceit of knowledge without the reality is the logical outcome of the diagram method. No more ingenious form of delusion has been suggested in an age which abounds in mechanical devices. I have frequently subjected it to an experimental test by proposing to its champions and advocates selections from the nobler forms of our literature, for example from Shakspeare, Tennyson, and other supreme masters. When submitted to such an ordeal as this, the system inevitably failed. If required to differentiate those delicate shades of meaning, those subtle tints of thought, in which all the sovereigns of style abound, and which Professor Renton has so luminously described in his "Logic of Style," the method fails utterly. Beyond the lowest forms of grammatical analysis it can have no value whatever. Even in that sphere of instruction its use is questionable. When brought to bear upon so spiritual a product as the literature of the English language, its only result will be to foster sciolism and to substitute the conceit of scholarship for its essence. It is deeply to be regretted that the manuals of the University Extension system, whose avowed purpose is to bring culture home to every man's business and bosom, have lent the sanction of their name and the influence of their example to a method which is at variance with rational teaching, and can only subserve the ends and propagate the schemes of aspiring and aggressive empirics.

In presenting, as I have done, an outline of my course in the English language and literature, I trust that it will be regarded merely as the expression of a personal experience, a feeling after the light, if haply I might find it, as tentative, not final, as a matter of judgment, and in no sense dogmatic. All programmes of instruction are, from their nature, subject to modification. There must ever abide the diversity of gifts; the unity of spirit we may seek after, not without hope of attainment. In this relation I am delighted

to express my concurrence in the general views set forth in the article on the "Teaching of English Literature" in the May number of this REVIEW, especially in relation to the employment of trained philologists to fill chairs nominally devoted to literature. While this custom prevails, can we wonder at the sterility of literary production that characterizes our chief universities—a sterility which the modes of instruction almost universally prevailing must necessarily stimulate and nourish? I do not forget Professor Lounsbury's "Chaucer," and I am far from ignoring that crowning achievement of American literary scholarship, Professor Child's "Ballads," which will possess an undiminished value as long as the memory of our race and language lasts. These, however, by their very aloofness, render the darkness more overshadowing; the contrast only heightens the gloomy barrenness of the sister universities in which literature has no speech nor language, where her voice is not heard. The harmonious blending of literary and æsthetic culture with philological attainment is rare, but by no means impossible or even impracticable. Child, Gildersleeve, and the lamented ten Brink, are brilliant and impressive illustrations. No scholar of our day has excelled the illuminating power of ten Brink in his "History of English Literature." He has revealed Chaucer, not in his philological attitude alone, but as one of the sovereign creators of all time. Teachers of this type are not moulded by American universities. As a sort of artistic retribution, scarcely one man of letters has been produced by a single American university during the last quarter of a century—that is during the era which has been coincident with the rise, the expansion, and the Saturnalia of philology. Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, Lanier, were all fashioned under the elder economy, the ancient academic dispensation, which reached its climax before the avatar of philology had fairly begun. Its shortcomings, grave and serious, were principally negative in character. If it failed to quicken into premature life by the overwrought vigor of its methodology,

it did not chill ardor and stifle enthusiasm for what is true and pure, as revealed in the masters of form. It may have carried to extremes the doctrine of a "wise passiveness," and have "builded altars to repose," but it lacked the untempered and undiscerning energy of the modern school in its crusade against those felicities of style and expression which have formed the illumination and the flower of ideal art in all ages and in all lands.

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THE MORALS OF THE WHISKEY-TAX.

THE Congress of the United States is confronted for the first time in many years with a deficit in the revenue for the current fiscal year, which it is estimated may reach the enormous total of one hundred million dollars, including the requirements of the Sinking Fund. Without going into an investigation of the causes which have produced this condition of affairs, it is sufficient to state that the charges upon the revenue are of such a character that they cannot be immediately reduced so as to approximate the probable revenue, and that after every economy has been enforced, there will still remain a deficit which, unless recourse is had to the questionable expedient of borrowing, will require an augmentation of the revenue and an important revision of the revenue laws. Should it be determined to raise by taxation the additional income needed, there are but two important sources of revenue available, tariff duties and internal revenue taxes, the latter including an income tax and the excise duties.

I shall concern myself here with a review of some proposed changes in the excise laws. Sometime ago the Secretary of the Treasury referred this branch of the subject to the veteran ex-Special Commissioner of Revenue, Hon. David A. Wells, than whom no person more experienced or better equipped for the task could probably have been selected. Mr. Wells has recently submitted his report, and the abstracts of it that have been published have attracted wide attention, and in the main favorable comment.

In revising taxation the attention of Congress will naturally be directed to the excise duties upon spirits, because there is already a well-organized department charged with their assessment and collection; and because it has been the policy of the government to impose upon this product the highest duty that could be collected from it without encouraging illicit distilling and other frauds.

From the standpoint of political science also, it is generally conceded that no article can be made to yield so large a revenue with so little burden to the tax-payer. Such taxes find favor, too, with a large class of persons who believe that the demand for liquor as a beverage will be thereby rendered more difficult to satisfy and the cause of temperance be consequently advanced. Both the revenue officers and the temperance fanatics are likely to have, in any effort to increase the tax upon distilled spirits, powerful allies in the large distillers and the so-called Whiskey Trust.

Ever since the inauguration of our internal revenue system it has been evident to the officers concerned with its administration that the revenue from distilled spirits could be more readily and cheaply collected if the manufacture was carried on in large distilleries and concentrated in few hands; and many of the provisions of the laws now in force, partly for this purpose and partly from necessity, tend to such concentration. Among the most important of the advantages accruing to the large manufacturer over the smaller one, are the decreased cost of warehousing and the lower ratio of the cost of government supervision to the cost of production. In the case of the small distiller these charges are sometimes almost equivalent to the original cost of the product itself. The capitalist and monopolist are interested in the imposition of a high rate of taxation because it tends to drive out competition, and enables them to maintain large distilleries and employ experts, whereby the product is greatly increased and the cost of manufacturing materially reduced. Moreover, it is always harder for the small distiller to place his product or to borrow money on it, and it is generally quite impossible for him to pay the tax on it if unsold when the bonded period expires. For these reasons, small producers exert a constant pressure of goods upon the market.

The efforts of the Whiskey Trust to monopolize the busi-

ness of distilling spirits from grain and the expectation of an increase in the tax have led to great overproduction, and there is to-day as large a stock on hand as has ever existed in this country. No sooner did the prospect of a deficit in the revenue become apparent, than the managers of the Trust procured the introduction of a bill in Congress at the last session to increase the tax on spirits. There was at the time a wild speculation in the shares of their corporation, and they anticipated immense profits in the increased price to which they advanced their stock upon the strength of the proposed legislation. The authorship of this bill and the parties interested in its passage became, however, too well known, and public opinion, aroused at the time against all sorts of trusts, was particularly directed against a combination so malodorous. The scheme failed, therefore, for the time being, but the prospect seems to be that it will be renewed as soon as Congress is prepared to consider revenue measures. A literary bureau appears to be already at work. Quite recently an ex-Collector of Internal Revenue, presumably in order to offset Mr. Wells' able report advising no change in the law, has written a letter for publication in which he advocates an increase in the tax, and estimates an augmented revenue therefrom.

Now the views expressed in this letter are not only contrary to the author's public recommendations while in office, but are also opposed by the experience of the revenue officers repeatedly expressed in official documents. Mr. Wells ably illustrates this part of the subject by his review of the results of the legislation increasing the tax from 20 cents a gallon in 1862 to \$2 a gallon in 1864.

The stock of distilled spirits in the United States in distilleries and bonded warehouses and in dealers' hands at present can hardly be less than 170,000,000 gallons. The capacity of the registered distilleries is, furthermore, so large that between the time a bill to increase the tax were introduced in Congress and its possible passage, this stock could be enormously increased.

Just how great the consumption of spirits in the United States is, it is difficult to determine. It has frequently been roughly estimated at 80,000,000 gallons annually, and Mr. Wells calculates it to be for the year ending June 30, 1893, about 90,000,000. Of the total annual withdrawals from warehouses the exportations in legitimate trade rarely exceed 10,000,000 gallons. The amount used in the arts and sciences has not been estimated by the government officers at much above five or six millions, and Mr. Wells considers that it has not at any time exceeded 10,000,000. The balance is consumed as a beverage. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1882, after some investigation, estimated that nine-tenths of the distilled spirits was used in this way.

The amount consumed, although not dependent to any great extent upon the rate of tax imposed, is somewhat influenced by the general prosperity of the country, as Mr. Wells shows in his review of the period between 1873 and 1879. The business depression which is now so widespread, will probably affect this popular ability to use spirits to an important extent, and should the average per capita consumption fall as low as it did in 1878 and 1879, the total annual consumption would not exceed 70,000,000 gallons.

The stock on hand is sufficient, therefore, to supply the demand for at least two years. It would be very reasonable to estimate the production in anticipation of an increase in the tax at 75,000,000 more, or enough to supply the demand for another year. The increased tax, if we may judge from past experience, would not be made to apply to stocks on hand or in bond at the time it went into effect, and the distillers and liquor dealers would, therefore, reap the benefit of the increased rate of tax, or as much of it as could be realized upon such a glutted market. With the stocks on hand increased to 250,000,000 gallons, and an increase of 30 cents a gallon in the tax, the rate generally proposed, their apparent profits would be 75,000,000 dollars, while the government would receive only the tax upon the increased

product at the old rate, and would, under the present warehousing law, realize a decreasing revenue until the consumption approximated to the supply.

One important result of an excessive tax is that it leads to adulteration and thereby, in articles of food and drink, to injury to health. Distilled spirits are peculiarly liable to adulteration, on account of the facility with which it can be done and of the large profit that attends it. As it comes from the still, whiskey is nearly colorless and does not naturally acquire the color, flavor, and other qualities which command a remunerative price, except from age and after rectification. To accomplish this involves delay and expense in rectifying, evaporation, storage, interest, etc. It has been discovered, however, that at a temperature a little less than the boiling point, the contents of a charred oak barrel will absorb the tannin and coloring matter from the wood in about twelve hours. In this way an inferior grade of whiskey is produced in large quantities. The investigation of the Whiskey Trust at the last session of Congress developed also the fact that a considerable quantity of a liquor sold as whiskey is manufactured from cologne and neutral spirits by diluting them to proof strength and adding burnt sugar, caromel, or prune juice, to give the desired color, and artificial essences and tannin to impart the necessary flavor. This beverage requires no rectification, and the process is of value to the dealer, because he can make, on demand, from the same raw material, whiskey of any kind, brandy, gin, and many other kinds of liquor, of any age, color, or flavor. The profit upon this stuff is considerable, and it finds a market through actual misrepresentation and fraud, and because it can be sold at much below the price of genuine spirits. The moonshiner, who must sell his product at a sacrifice, competes with this and maintains his margin of profit by using buckeyes, lye, tobacco, pepper etc., to give his diluted and spurious beverage the proper zest and staying qualities. So toxic are some of these mixtures that the continual use of them for any length of time is frequently fatal.

While unscrupulous dealers will always be found to practise such frauds upon the unwary, and to take advantage of the poor, they must necessarily commend their adulterated goods by selling them for a less price than the genuine article. A reduction of the duty would greatly lessen that profit, and so the extent of this nefarious business.

Mr. Wells demonstrates that the present rate of tax—90 cents per proof gallon—is fully up to the danger line. The writer thinks it is beyond that mark, and that an equal or greater amount of revenue would be realized from a tax of 50 cents per gallon, with a large reduction in the cost of collection, an extension of the use of spirits in the arts and sciences and in domestic economy, an improvement in the quality of spirits sold and used as a beverage, a more general observance of the law, and, above all, an amelioration of the moral condition of society among the producers.

The people of the South have long been looking forward to the time when a fairer adjustment of taxation would relieve them of this burden, or at least greatly reduce it. They bear a disproportionate part of it; their domestic tranquility is disturbed by a natural resistance to it and by the forcible collection of it; their prosperity is retarded by it; and the moral standards of their people are degraded by the conditions which it fosters.

In this connection a short review of the history of the internal revenue service in the mountain country of the South may be not without interest. The territory in which illicit distilling has been, and is mostly carried, on lies, roughly speaking, among the mountains and foot-hills of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama.¹ It is a wild and beautiful

¹This territory embraces the following Revenue Districts as constituted in 1877, (the most convenient arrangement to follow) to-wit: 1st and 2nd, Alabama; 2nd and 3rd, Georgia; 2nd, 8th and 9th, Kentucky; 4th, Maryland; 23rd, Pennsylvania; 2nd, Missouri; 4th, 5th and 6th, North Carolina; 2nd, 5th and 8th, Tennessee; 3rd, Texas; 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th, Virginia; and 1st and 2nd, West Virginia.

country, inhabited by a brave, honest, frugal, and hospitable people, deeply attached to their homes. The hill-sides are adapted to the culture of fruit, and apples and peaches are raised in great abundance. The bottom lands about the creeks and rivers are fertile and produce excellent crops of indian corn, but are not suited to the raising of grain, owing to the dampness and the lack of sunshine due to the early setting of the sun behind the mountain barriers. Before the war these simple folks made their apples and peaches into brandy and their corn into whiskey, and these products with a few cattle, some dried fruits, honey, beeswax, nuts, wool, hides, furs, herbs, ginseng and other roots, and woolen socks, knitted by the women in the long winter evenings, formed the stock in trade which they bartered for their plain necessities and few luxuries, their homespun and cotton cloths, sugar, coffee, snuff, and fiddles. Their industries were few and their markets limited and remote. The raising of a crop of corn in summer and the getting out of tan-bark and lumber in winter were almost their only resources.

The war came on. They had no interest in slavery and but little sympathy with the peculiar institutions of the South. For the most part they were loyal to the North, furnished many brave sons to the ranks of her armies, and gave other aid and comfort to her cause. After the supremacy of the National Government was fully established within the borders of their country, they resumed their peaceful occupations.

The burden of taxation had rested lightly upon them. The expenses of their local government were small and had been mostly borne by a tax upon the land. For nearly two generations no excise duties had been levied. They had no practical experience of Federal exactions until the revenue collector appeared in their midst in the year 1863. He did not lay a heavy hand upon them, however, for this whole mountain country, in the ten months ending June 30, of that year, paid, as a tax upon distilled spirits, at the rate

of 20 cents a gallon, only about \$172,000. They seem to have paid this moderate tax without murmuring, for we find the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in 1863, lamenting, like a typical merchant, that he had not asked enough. He was evidently hardening his heart, for we find him later on in the same paper taking the ground "that the question of the amount of the tax to be levied on distilled spirits is to be decided solely upon considerations of revenue." This policy was to be steadily pursued by the government until the tax was raised to \$2 a gallon; the whole service demoralized; the people practically goaded into open rebellion against the law; and until the amount of distilled spirits recognized by the government for taxation was less than 8,000,000 gallons out of a total production of not less than 55,000,000 or 60,000,000. It could not have been otherwise with a system of taxation which the Commissioner for 1863 characterized as "entirely novel," and of which the Commissioner for 1876-7 could write: "The tax was a palpable thing to be paid, or some cherished possession was to be sold to meet it, and no circumstance of poverty, misfortune, sickness, or death could stay the distraint."

History repeats itself. How applicable to the condition of our own mountain country at this time is the following passage taken from the report of the Revenue Commissioner in 1866, relative to the imposition in Great Britain in 1736 of a duty equivalent to \$5 a gallon on spirits:—"... the people espoused the cause of the smugglers and unlicensed dealers, the officers of the revenue were openly assaulted in the streets, informers were hunted down like wild beasts, while drunkenness, desolation, and crime increased with frightful rapidity."

Mr. Wells gives, as I have said, an accurate and interesting account of the results of increasing the tax from 20 cents to \$2 a gallon, as shown in a decrease of revenue from that source, for the whole country, from \$28,431,717 in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1864, to \$13,419,092 in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1868, the first full year

under the \$2 tax. The evidence submitted to the Revenue Commission in 1866 indicated that up to the time of filing their report, under the high rate of tax, four-fifths of the whiskey produced in the more sparsely settled portions of the country paid no tax. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue in his report for the year ending June 30th, 1869, estimated that during the period under review the government did not collect a tenth part of its tax on distilled spirits and that in the year covered by his report, probably 51,000,000 gallons passed into consumption without paying any tax. During the period of the extreme high tax, in addition to the evasions of the law by illicit distilling, vast frauds upon the government were perpetrated by licensed distillers and rectifiers.

There are no accurate statistics accessible of the seizures of illicit stills prior to 1877, and no data from which to estimate the extent of illicit production under the \$2 tax except the estimates of the revenue officers above referred to and the circumstantial evidence of consumption. All accounts, however, seem to agree that after the reduction of the tax to 50 cents a gallon, in 1868, illicit distilling was much reduced and ceased to embarrass the government or to diminish the revenue greatly until the tax was again increased in 1872 and 1875. This seems to have been peculiarly the case with the disaffected territory above described, including the few districts in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. In the fiscal year 1865-6 this territory as a whole, paid in taxes upon distilled spirits, at the rate of \$2 per gallon, less than \$600,000, indicating a product of only 300,000 gallons recognized by the government for taxation. In the year ending June 30th, 1870, the first full year at a tax of 50 cents per gallon, the tax paid for this region was about \$2,519,000, indicating total withdrawals of 4,318,000 gallons. In the fiscal year 1876, the first full year of the 90 cents per gallon tax, these districts yielded in the aggregate a revenue on distilled spirits withdrawn prior to March 3rd, 1875, at 70 cents per

gallon, \$761,336, and on spirits withdrawn distilled after that date, of \$2,102,427, a total of \$2,863,763, indicating total withdrawals of 3,423,653 gallons. It is to be regretted that the statistics of the actual production for the years 1870 and 1876 are not accessible. The withdrawals serve, however, to indicate the production with sufficient accuracy since the withdrawals for the whole country in those years equalled or exceeded the total production.

These statistics indicate that under a tax of 50 cents per gallon the government recognized for taxation in this territory 3,718,000 gallons *more* than it did under a tax of \$2 per gallon; and that under a tax of 90 cents per gallon it recognized for taxation about 895,000 gallons *less* than it did under a tax of 70 cents per gallon. I give them to show that the territory under review, comprising all the districts in which illicit distilling was carried on to any extent, responded to fair dealing on the part of the government as well, if not better, than any other part of the country; that the illicit distilling prevalent therein proceeded, not from a reckless, lawless, or insurrectionary spirit, but from the premium offered to dishonest practices by an excessive tax and from the circumstances and necessities of the inhabitants; that the people were, apparently, willing to pay the tax whenever they were able to do so; and that a tax of 50 cents per gallon seems to be, from practical experience, a fair and just rate, and one from which the government is likely to realize a maximum revenue.

After the increase of the tax to 90 cents in 1875 evidences of a marked increase in illicit distilling began to multiply, and in 1877 the Commissioner of Internal Revenue estimated that during the preceding year not less than 3,000 illicit stills of a daily capacity of from ten to fifty gallons had been operated in the territory described. The total number of licensed stills in operation during the same period was only 4,503, so that the number of illicit stills was 66 per cent. of the registered ones. As the total daily spirit-producing capacity of the licensed stills did not at any period of the

year exceed 256,000 gallons, the daily capacity of the illicit stills was at the lowest estimate $11\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of that of the licensed ones, and the former would have been able to produce, at their minimum estimated capacities, in about four months an amount of distilled spirits equal to the entire amount recognized by the government for taxation in the same territory in 1876.

To comprehend this state of affairs fully, it is necessary to revert to the social and economic conditions of the mountain people. The population was sparse and scattered and there were very few towns. The local demand for distilled spirits had always been supplied from the small stills which were located throughout the territory, convenient to the orchards and corn fields. Groceries and saloons were few and far between. Although the inhabitants were not given to intemperance, unless, perhaps, on "first Mondays" or court days or at shooting matches, they were nevertheless in the habit of gratifying their appetite for liquor, and being a free and independent people, they resented the interference of the government.

It was impossible to operate stills of large capacity as the supplies of fruit and indian corn were small and came from scattered sources. Beyond the limited amount needed for bread and food for the little stock that was kept, there was no demand for indian corn, and the surplus fruit crop, after as much had been dried as would serve the family needs and could be bartered at the cross-road stores, could not be sold at home. The markets were too distant, the roads too rough, and the prices in the towns too low, to warrant transportation. Indian corn was worth from 25 to 40 cents per bushel, and apples and peaches rarely brought more than 10 cents a bushel even at the stills. These were the only crops, and there was no way to utilize them or to market them except to distill them into spirits. This industry had always been carried on, therefore, and was firmly established, but the only stills that were practicable were too small to bear the cost of government supervision. It

was, then, but natural that when the law began to require distillery warehouses and resident storekeepers, and the tax was advanced to a rate beyond the ability of the distillers to pay, resistance became more general and evasions of the law more frequent than when the tax was small and the revenue system fairly simple.

The officers who administered this system were, from political reasons, strangers to the habits and circumstances of the mountaineers and they attributed the opposition they encountered "to a latent feeling of hostility to the government and laws of the United States," to quote an official report. This assumption, as we have seen, was to a great extent erroneous; indeed among the mountaineers were to be found a large number of Federal veterans and pensioners. But the officers, like the Congress that gave them being, were too full of partisan feeling to see the true state of the case, and they undertook to stamp out disloyalty and illicit distilling at one and the same time. The laws they had to enforce were modelled largely on the excise laws of Great Britain; they were harsh and complex and not at all suited to this country, a fact recognized by an early Commissioner when he complained that there were "many courts of National Jurisdiction so averse to imposing the statutory penalties that they resorted to subterfuge to avoid it."

A particularly wretched feature of the system is found in the fact that the superior officers charged to administer it, such as collectors, marshals, and district attorneys were paid by commissions upon the collections and by fees; and the subordinate agents were frequently brutal and desperate men. Fortunately for history, they were so blinded by partisan bigotry, so ignorant of the fundamental law, so callous and indifferent to public opinion that they have committed to posterity in their official reports a candid and brutal record of their arbitrary and lawless procedures.

Buildings were broken into without warrant, and stills and other property destroyed without condemnation or other legal proceedings. The Commissioner's report for 1876 is

perfectly frank on this point. It admits the illegality of the acts performed, but asks that in order to silence captious criticism, the revenue officers may be empowered to make seizures "when directed by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue." Personal arrests, too, were made without warrant, and the victims were dragged long distances to answer before United States Commissioners. Litigation naturally arose in the State courts on this point, and the Commissioner's report for 1878, referring to this matter, naïvely requests that "a law be passed expressly providing that when a person is caught in the act of operating an illicit still he may be arrested without warrant and forthwith taken before a proper tribunal for examination." The same Commissioner reports for 1879, "I have found it necessary to supply the collectors with breech-loading carbines," etc., and thereafter "ordnance stores in the hands of collectors" figure regularly in the annual report.

Not only were persons arrested when caught *flagrante delicto*, but in many cases arrests were made upon trivial charges, large numbers of witnesses were summoned, and the unfortunate mountaineer was bound over to appear, or in default of bail, was incarcerated at some distant point simply that the income of the revenue officers might be swelled. The Commissioner of 1882 recognized this growing evil fully, declaring that while the greed of his officials would "breed abuses even in long-established and well-ordered communities," in the remoter settlements it would cause practices "little better than brigandage." The same officer went on to describe this brigandage in the following language, which sufficiently confirms all that I have written: "Instances have been brought to my attention where numerous prosecutions have been instituted for the most trivial violations of law, and the arrested parties taken long distances and subjected to great inconveniences and expense, not in the interest of the government, but apparently for no other reason than to make costs."

Is it any wonder that these mountaineers have resisted

such laws and such administration of them? Would they have been true to their Anglo-Saxon heritage if they had failed to resist? The records are full of shocking recitals, but they need no comments and I leave the subject here. I have tried to tell a plain, unvarnished tale; if there has been a touch of pity in it, I can only plead that I have sat at the firesides of these people, enjoyed their hospitality, and tasted their peach brandy, and that, after all, I am only human.

ELLWOOD WILSON, SR.